SCOTT

The Lady of the Lake

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UW-STEVENS POINT

Pitt Press Series

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THE LADY OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

EDITED BY

J. HOWARD B. MASTERMAN, D.D.

LATE LECTURER OF S. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

LORD BISHOP OF PLYMOUTH

CAMBRIDGE:
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1926

82
Scot La

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON : Fetter Lane

NEW YORK
The Macmillan Co.
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA and MADRAS
Macmillan and Co., Ltd.
TORONTO
The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd.
TOKYO
Maruzen-Kabushiki-Kaisha

All rights reserved

First Edition, January 1896
Reprinted September 1896,
,, 1897, 1901, 1905,
,, 1912, 1917, 1926

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PR
5308
.A1
1926

PREFACE.

AS this edition of *The Lady of the Lake* is intended for Junior students, no apology is needed either for the short and simple character of the notes, or for the length of the glossary. I have tried to make both explanatory rather than illustrative, because I thought that the class of students for whom this edition is primarily intended would be hindered rather than helped by illustrative quotations and etymological discussions, such as would naturally be included in an edition designed for more advanced readers.

The text of *The Lady of the Lake* has recently been carefully revised by Mr Rolfe and by Professor Minto. In this edition I have followed Professor Minto's text, with only one or two trifling changes, which are referred to, where they occur, in the notes. I have added a short glossary of Gaelic names, for which I am chiefly indebted to Robertson's *Gaelic Topography*. I have tried to indicate the cases where his interpretations are not generally accepted; but any detailed discussion of the questions at issue would be out of place.

I have made free use of previous editions of the poem, and also of Scott's notes, where they seemed suitable.

J. H. B. MASTERMAN.

S. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
November, 1895.

36599
34799

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	vii—xxiii
The Author	vii
The Poem, its natural scenery	xii
Chief characters	xiv
Metre	xvi
Criticisms	xix
Characteristics	xxi
Argument	xxiv
THE LADY OF THE LAKE	1–172
Canto I	1–26
„ II	27–56
„ III	57–83
„ IV	84–111
„ V	112–142
„ VI	143–172
NOTES	173–217
GLOSSARY	218–236
GLOSSARY OF GAELIC NAMES	237–238

MAP . . . . . *Frontispiece*

INTRODUCTION.

The Author.

WALTER SCOTT belonged to the Border family of the Scotts, of which the Duke of Buccleuch was the head. He was descended from Wat of Harden, celebrated in the sixteenth century for his plunderings in the borders. His great-grandfather, Walter Scott of Teviotdale, had acquired the name of 'Beardie' from his oath that he would not cut his beard till the Stuarts were restored. He kept his oath, and narrowly escaped being executed as a traitor for his efforts on their behalf.

Beardie's second son, Robert Scott, farmed a small estate at Sandyknowe, near Dryburgh, and lived the life of a country gentleman. Walter, the eldest son of this Robert Scott, and father of the poet, settled in Edinburgh as a writer to the Signet, or what in England is called a solicitor. He appears to have been the first of the family who ever adopted a town life, and we may trace the influence of the family traditions in Scott's love of military adventure, and of open air life, of which his poems give us so many illustrations.

Walter Scott, the poet, was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771. Owing to an illness at the age of eighteen months, which left him permanently lame, he spent much of his childhood at Sandyknowe. Here he wandered freely among the ruins of the Castle of Smailholm :

> "That mountain tower
> "Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour—"

stored his mind with border songs and legends, and almost entirely outgrew his early delicacy of health.

After some years of this life Scott returned to Edinburgh, where he attended the boys' High School. His leisure hours during these school days were largely occupied in devouring English literature—history, poetry, travels, romances—as chance threw them in his way. His favourite poet at this time was Spenser. In his autobiography he speaks of the delight he found in the society of the knights and ladies and dragons and giants of the *Faerie Queene*. A little later he became acquainted with Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. "I do not believe," he says, "that I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm." He afterwards learned Spanish, Italian and German in order to be able to read the Romance literature of those countries.

As a result of this promiscuous reading Scott's love for Poetry and Romance was strongly developed by the time he left school, and commenced to study law with a view to entering his father's profession. He qualified as an advocate, and practised for some time with moderate success. Meanwhile, in 1796, he published his first work, a translation of two German Romances, followed three years later by a translation of one of Goethe's tragedies. His first serious attempts at original composition belong to this period, and were due to the influence of Mr Lewis —'Monk' Lewis as he was called, after his best known work *The Monk*. Of these early attempts at ballad poetry *Glenfinlas* is the most interesting, as the first indication of Scott's familiarity with that Highland district which *The Lady of the Lake* was destined to make so widely popular. While studying law in Edinburgh, Scott had spent much of his leisure in gathering ballads of the Scottish Border from the country people, among whom such ballads were handed down in the memory for generations. As a result of these rambles he published, in 1802, a collection of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* in two volumes; a third following in the next year. These volumes first showed Scott's wide learning and critical ability. He had included in the collection some original poems written in imitation of the old ballads, and in 1805 he published *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the first of his great poems, the success of which

was immediate. Meanwhile, in 1797, after a disappointment in love which he seems to have felt keenly, and to which he probably refers in the closing lines of Canto VI. of *The Lady of the Lake*, Scott married a Miss Carpenter or Charpentier, the daughter of a French refugee, whom he met when on a visit to England in the summer of that year. In 1804 he accepted the office of Sheriff of Selkirk, and left the cottage on the Esk, where he had spent the first years of his married life, as he was obliged to live in the county of which he was sheriff. He moved to Ashestiel, a house on the bank of the Tweed, seven miles from Selkirk, where he spent the next eight years.

The success of the *Lay* decided Scott to make literature the chief occupation of his life. In the following year he applied for and obtained the Clerkship of the Court of Session at Edinburgh, a step which practically implied the abandonment of any desire for further advancement in the legal profession, and from this time to the end of his life Scott was at once the most successful and the hardest-worked literary man of the time.

In 1808 *Marmion* was published, and proved at least as popular as the *Lay* had been. The following year (1809) was crowded with literary work of various kinds, and in the autumn Scott began *The Lady of the Lake*. The locality which he chose for his new poem was one with which he was already familiar. From his fifteenth year he appears to have paid frequent visits to a Highland client of his father, Alexander Stuart of Invernahyle, in Perthshire, from whom he derived much of the knowledge of Highland customs which appears in *The Lady of the Lake* and in *Waverley*. But his first expedition into the actual district of Loch Katrine was undertaken for the purpose of enforcing the execution of a writ on some tenants of Invernahyle's brother-in-law. "An escort of a sergeant and six men was obtained from a Highland regiment lying in Stirling, and the author, then a writer's apprentice (or attorney's clerk) was invested with the superintendence of the expedition....And thus it happened, oddly enough, that the author first entered the romantic scenery of Loch Katrine riding in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear guard, and loaded arms." Scott several times revisited the

district, and in the summer of 1809 spent some time in careful observation of the scenery. It was during this visit that he rode at full gallop from Loch Vennachar to Stirling to test the accuracy of the time he proposed to allot to Fitz-James in Canto v.

In the Introduction to the edition of the poem published in 1830 Scott says: "The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted for poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had also read a great deal, and seen much, and heard more of that romantic country where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. The poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labour of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident which never fails to be interesting if managed with the slightest address or dexterity."

He goes on to tell how a lady, to whom he was nearly related, tried unsuccessfully to dissuade him from jeopardising his reputation by publishing another poem. He replied in the words of Montrose,

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> To win or lose it all."

The poem was gradually completed, and was published in May, 1810. Its appearance had been anxiously expected; and while it received as warm a welcome from the public as its predecessors, it was more favourably reviewed by the critics. "The whole country rang with the praises of the poet—crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively

unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well-ascertained fact that from the date of the publication of *The Lady of the Lake*, the post-horse duty in Scotland rose to an extraordinary degree." Five editions of *The Lady of the Lake*, numbering in all over twenty thousand copies, were sold during the year of publication, and ten thousand more before 1825, when the poem was included in Scott's collected works.

The rest of Scott's life must be shortly told. Other poems—*Don Roderick*, *Rokeby*, *The Bridal of Triermain* (published at first anonymously) and *The Lord of the Isles*—followed in succession. But the popularity of Scott's poems declined. *Rokeby*, and still more *The Lord of the Isles*, seemed to lack the freshness of the earlier poems, and Byron had begun to catch the public ear with his more luxurious and sensuous oriental ballads.

Meanwhile, in 1814, Scott published, anonymously, *Waverley*, the first of that wonderful series of Waverley Novels that has made him even more famous as a novelist than as a poet. Riches and honour came to Scott, and the little farm on the Tweed, to which he had moved from Ashestiel, grew into the castle and estate of Abbotsford. He had been appointed, in 1807, Clerk to the Court of Session at Edinburgh, and in 1820 was made a baronet by George IV. But in 1825 a publishing firm, in which Scott was a sleeping partner, became bankrupt, with debts of over £100,000, which Scott felt himself bound in honour to pay. The rest of his life is the story of his brave struggle to raise this immense sum. The general regard felt for him was shewn by the offers of help which he received from all sides as soon as his position became known. But he declined them all, as he was determined that "his own right hand should do it." By hard work he had paid more than half the amount, when his health broke down, and after a voyage to Italy in a frigate placed at his disposal by the Government, he came home, only to die at Abbotsford, within hearing of the murmur of his loved Tweed, in 1832.

The Poem: its natural scenery.

The Lady of the Lake no doubt owed some part of its popularity to the beauty of the scenery which forms the background to the incidents of the poem. The Highlands of Scotland were not altogether unknown when Scott made them the scene of this poem. As early as 1703 Martin's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland* had aroused interest in Highland customs and scenery, and had inspired Collins' *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, considered as the subject of poetry*, in which he urges Home, the author of the tragedy of *Douglas*, to take his pencil to his hand, and paint the Highlander and his customs. After the suppression of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745 a small but constantly growing band of travellers visited the northern districts of Scotland, and not a few books were written describing the scenery. Dr Johnson's tour in Scotland is famous, and a full and interesting description of parts of this region was published by Pennant in 1769. In 1794 Mr Robertson, a minister in Callander, speaks of the Trosachs as already frequented by "persons of taste who are desirous of seeing Nature in her rudest and most unpolished shapes." But as with the Romantic revival, so with the scenery of the Highlands, it was Scott who first popularized what was already known only to a cultured few.

The district in which the greater part of the poem is located lies around three lakes in west Perthshire—Lochs Vennachar, Achray and Katrine. Loch Vennachar, the most easterly of these, is an uninteresting sheet of water, except on its northern shore, where the dark mass of Ben Ledi rises 'ridge on ridge.' After passing the Brigg of Turk and the entrance to Glenfinlas, the road skirts Loch Achray, a silver lake the quiet beauty of which sets off by contrast the wild grandeur of the Trosachs. The Pass of the Trosachs, hemmed in by Ben Venue on the south, and by the ridge of Ben-an on the north, extends for about two miles, from the western shore of Loch Achray to the silver strand on Loch Katrine. The road winds among

rocky hillocks, which rise out of the thick wood that covers the valley and the slopes of the cliffs that surround it; and the whole forms as romantic a scene as could well be imagined. Loch Katrine opens gradually on the view—"a narrow inlet, still and deep"—fringed with thickly wooded promontories and islands along its eastern shores, but growing bare and uninteresting towards the west.

Scott uses the beauty of this scenery very skilfully in maintaining the interest of the poem. We are made to move through it as the plot developes; every Canto opens with a sunrise painted with a master hand, and almost every incident has its background of lake, wood or hill.

This use of natural scenery is an interesting feature of Scott's poetry. In older Romance poetry supernatural agencies play a large part, and help to awaken and sustain interest. The background of the stage is crowded with gnomes and giants, spectres and goblins. But Scott wrote for an age when men's imaginations were stirred more by the beauty of the natural world than by the wonder of the supernatural. And so, while the German Romance writers, and their English followers like Lewis, 'harked back' to the supernatural machinery of earlier Romances, Scott, in *The Lady of the Lake*, weaves into his story the world of nature instead.

In Scott's treatment of natural scenery two points of interest may be noted. In the first place, Scott regards the world of nature as a painter rather than as a poet. He does not find in her a solution of human problems, or an echo of human passions. He pictures natural scenes as he sees them, studies in light and colour. Form, as Ruskin points out, occupies little place in his descriptions, and in the one passage in this poem where he tries to give form to the scenery, the whole machinery of cupolas, minarets and pagodas gives a less vivid and true picture than the one line that describes the sunset view of Loch Katrine:

"One broad sheet of living gold."

It is this sense of the charm of colour that makes Scott

select hills and lakes, where broad colour-effects are best seen, as the prominent natural objects in the scenery of his poems.

But Scott also sees Nature with the eye of an antiquarian. It is thoroughly characteristic of his view of scenery that he makes Fitz-James, in Canto I. xv., picture the shores of Loch Katrine as occupied with all the machinery of mediaeval Feudalism—castle, bower, cloister, and cell. Just so Scott had from his earliest years loved to dream of the castles and hills of his own Border country as full of the moss-troopers and barons of the old days of foray and war; and it was this power of associating every scene with the life of the past that made Scott the greatest Romance writer of his own, or perhaps of any other age.

Chief characters.

James V. is the only historical character who appears in *The Lady of the Lake.* He was born in 1512, and succeeded to the Scottish throne in 1513, after the death of James IV. at Flodden. During the years of his minority he was kept almost a captive by a group of nobles who ruled in his name (see V. vi. 11–16). The Duke of Albany, the nominal Regent, was gradually ousted from power by the party of the Earl of Angus, the king's step-father, who became practical regent, and guardian of the king, in 1526. Two years later the young king escaped from his control, and Angus and all his family were banished. After some years, spent in reducing the Border and Highland clans to order, James visited France, in 1536, and married Magdalen, the daughter of the French King. On his return he alienated many of his nobles by attempting to curb their power, and finally became involved in a war with Henry VIII., which resulted in the defeat of his army at Solway Moss—an event which is said to have caused his death, which took place in December, 1542.

James was regarded as a friend of the lower orders, and was popularly known as the *King of the Commons.* Many stories

are told of his adventures when wandering in disguise through his dominions, generally under the name of the *Gudeman* (i.e. farmer) *of Ballenguich*, a name which Scott found unsuited for poetry, and so changed to the *Knight of Snowdoun.*

The character of James in this poem illustrates Byron's remark to the Regent that Scott was "particularly the poet of Princes, for they never appeared more fascinating than in *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake.*" The picture of the King is true to history except in one particular—he is described as middle-aged. This change, unimportant in itself, is interesting as illustrating Scott's preference for middle-aged heroes. Cranstoun and Deloraine in the *Lay*, Marmion and De Wilton in *Marmion*, Roderick Dhu and Fitz-James in this poem, are all examples in point. Possibly this preference may be due to the fact that Scott was himself verging on middle-age when these poems were written.

James Douglas, the supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus, is a fictitious character. Representatives of the Douglas family appear in all Scott's first poems. The older branch of the family had fallen into obscurity under James III.; and the Earls of Angus, the representatives of a younger branch, whom he raised to power, were from this time forward among the most powerful Scottish nobles till their exile under James V. Scott has transferred to James Douglas the guardianship of the King, which had been exercised by Angus, and in the return of Douglas in Canto v. he has followed to some extent the history of Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, an uncle of Angus, and a friend of the King's boyhood, whose return to Court, however, ended not in reconciliation but in his banishment to France.

The exiled Douglas, confronting adversity with stately and uncomplaining dignity, stands in strong contrast with the impetuous and passionate Highland chief under whose protection he lives. Roderick Dhu is an illustration of the difficulty, which other poets besides Scott have found, of preventing the villain of a poem from becoming its hero. It is only by keeping constantly in the foreground the reckless and brutal character of Roderick's raids that Scott succeeds in retaining us on the

side of law and order, and preventing the chivalrous and valiant chieftain from winning too much of our sympathy. From his dramatic entrance in Canto II. to his death in Canto VI. he is the most interesting figure in the poem—free from the mere brutality of William of Deloraine, and from the meanness that disfigures the character of Marmion.

No clan actually occupied the whole of the district over which Roderick's sway is pictured as extending, but Clan-Alpine is probably intended to represent the Macgregor Clan, which claimed descent from Alpine, and at one time occupied a part of this district.

Malcolm Græme is at once a less conspicuous and a less interesting figure in the poem. It is worth noting that the successful lovers in Scott's two preceding poems—Cranstoun in the *Lay* and De Wilton in *Marmion*—are also both rather uninteresting. The only incident in which Malcolm plays an important part does not exhibit him in a very favourable light, and in spite of the excellent character given him by the poet (see II. xxv.) we scarcely feel that he is worthy of the love of Ellen Douglas.

Ellen Douglas, the Lady of the Lake, is an admirable heroine. She is neither merely sentimental, like Margaret of Branksome; nor merely 'lovely and gentle and distress'd,' like Clara de Clare. Her love for her father, and her touch of innocent coquetry, give a charm of variety to her character, and make her the most interesting and fresh of all the female characters of Scott's poems.

Finally, to complete the necessary machinery of a Romance, the parts of minstrel and magician are supplied by Allan Bane and Brian, the grim loyalty of the one to his clan contrasting with the faithful devotion of the other to his master.

Metre.

The metre of *The Lady of the Lake* is the old Ballad metre called octosyllabic, in which each line contains eight syllables, alternately unaccented and accented, and the lines rhyme in

couplets. But in this poem Scott has abandoned most of the methods by which, in the *Lay* and *Marmion*, he gave variety to the metre. In the account of the Battle of Beal' an Duine in Canto VI. the metre is more varied, and closely resembles that of *Marmion*. The only methods of giving variety to the metre that are adopted in the rest of the poem are:

(1) The transposition of the unaccented and accented syllables, generally at the beginning of a line, where the first word of the line is to be emphasized,

> The àntler'd mònarch òf the wàste
> Sprùng from his heàthery coùch in hàste. I. ii. 3–4.

> Eàger as grèyhound òn his gàme
> Fièrcely with Ròderick gràppled Græme. II. xxxiv. 14–15.

(2) The introduction of Songs, about which Scott wrote to Southey: "I omitted no opportunity that could be given, or taken, of converting my dog-trot into a hop-step-and-jump."

The metres of these songs do not require detailed notice. In Ellen's song in Canto I. the accent is thrown on the first of each pair of syllables,

> Sòldier rèst, thy wàrfare o'èr
> Sleèp the sleèp that knòws not wàking,

and the double or feminine rhymes give a musical cadence to the verses. Clan Alpine's Boat Song is an irregular metre where two unaccented syllables follow each accented:

> Hall to the chief who in triumph advances, &c.

which gives the sense of a slow steady swing of oars, just as the metre where one accented syllable follows two unaccented, as in the song in *Marmion*,

> Oh yoùng Lochinvàr has come oùt of the wèst,

gives the sense of a fast gallop.

The Ballad of Alice Brand is in the favourite old Ballad metre of Chevy Chase, which Coleridge had used with great effect in the *Ancient Mariner*. In Blanche's Song in Canto IV. xxv. the rhymes are intentionally careless in imitation of the old Ballads.

(3) By occasional introduction of shorter lines of six syllables, often preceded by three or four lines rhyming. The only examples of this (besides those in the Battle of Beal' an Duine), are in the early part of Canto III. (stanzas ix—x).

(4) By introducing each Canto with one or more stanzas in Spenserian metre. This metre is so called because it was first employed by Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*. It consists of verses of nine lines, eight of ten syllables, of which the first and third; the second, fourth, fifth and seventh; and the sixth and eighth lines rhyme. The last line, rhyming with the eighth, has twelve syllables, and is called an *alexandrine*. Scott's *Don Roderick*, and Byron's *Childe Harold*, were written entirely in this metre.

The metre of the poem was criticized by Ellis in the *Quarterly Review*, and Scott's defence of it is of sufficient interest to be worth quoting almost in full. In a letter to Ellis he says:

"I am still inclined to defend the eight-syllable stanza, which I have somehow persuaded myself is more congenial to the English language—more favourable to narrative poetry at least—than that which has been commonly termed heroic verse. If you will take the trouble to read a page of Pope's *Iliad*, you will probably find a good many lines out of which two syllables may be struck without injury to the sense. The first lines of this translation have been repeatedly noticed as capable of being cut down from ships of the line to frigates, by striking out the said two syllabled words, as:

'Achilles' wrath, to Greece, the *direful* spring
Of woes unnumbered, *heavenly* goddess sing.
That wrath which sent to Pluto's *gloomy* reign
The souls of *mighty* chiefs in battle slain,
Whose bones unburied on the *desert* shore
Devouring dogs and *hungry* vultures tore.'

Now since it is true that by throwing out the epithets underscored, we preserve the sense without diminishing the force of the verse, I do really think that the structure of verse which requires least of this sort of bolstering, is most likely to be forcible and animated. The case is different in descriptive poetry, because these epithets, if they are

happily selected, are rather to be sought for than avoided, and admit of being varied *ad infinitum*.....

"Besides, the eight-syllable stanza is capable of certain varieties denied to the heroic. Double rhymes, for instance, are congenial to it, which often give a sort of Gothic richness to its cadences; you may also render it more or less rapid by retaining or dropping an occasional syllable. Lastly, and which I think its principal merit, it runs better into sentences than any length of line I know, as it corresponds, upon an average view of our punctuation, very commonly with the proper and usual space between comma and comma."

Criticisms.

The Lady of the Lake was accorded a more favourable reception by the leading critics than either of Scott's former poems. The criticism of Lord Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* is generally regarded as the best and most discriminating contemporary criticism of Scott's poetry, and is worth quoting from at some length:

"The great secret of his (Scott's) popularity and the leading characteristic of his poetry, appear to us to consist evidently in this, that he has made more use of common topics, images, and expressions, than any original poet of later times. In the choice of his subjects, for example, he does not attempt to interest merely by fine observation or pathetic sentiment, but takes the assistance of a story, and enlists the reader's curiosity among his motives for attention. Then his characters are all selected from the most common *dramatis personæ* of poetry;—kings, warriors, knights, outlaws, nuns, minstrels, secluded damsels, wizards, and true lovers.—In the management of the passions, again, Mr Scott appears to have pursued the same popular, and comparatively easy course....He has dazzled the reader with the splendour, and even warmed him with the transient heat of various affections; but he has nowhere fairly kindled him with enthusiasm, or melted him into tenderness. Writing for the world at large, he has wisely abstained from attempting to raise any passion to a height to which worldly people could not be transported; and contented himself with giving his reader the chance of feeling as a brave, kind, and affectionate gentleman must often feel in the ordinary course of his existence, without trying to

breathe into him either that lofty enthusiasm which disdains the ordinary business and amusements of life, or that quiet and deep sensibility which unfits for most of its pursuits. With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious that Mr Scott has not aimed at writing either in a very pure or a very consistent style. He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and universally understood....There is a medley of bright images and glowing words, set carelessly and loosely together—a diction tinged successively with the careless richness of Shakespeare, the harshness and antique simplicity of the old romances, the homeliness of vulgar ballads and anecdotes, and the sentimental glitter of the most modern poetry—passing from the borders of the ludicrous to those of the sublime—alternately minute and energetic—sometimes artificial, and frequently negligent—but always full of spirit and vivacity,—abounding in images that are striking, at first sight, to minds of every contexture—and never expressing a sentiment which it can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to comprehend.

* * * * * * * *

"For our own part we are of opinion that it (this poem) will be oftener read than either of the author's former publications....It is more polished in its diction, and more regular in its versification, the story is constructed with infinitely more skill and address; there is a greater proportion of pleasing and tender passages, with much less antiquarian detail; and, upon the whole, a larger variety of characters, more artfully and judiciously contrasted."

Most of the other critics of the poem naturally tried to compare it with its two predecessors; and Lockhart sums up the general opinion by saying—"the *Lay* is generally considered as the most natural and original, *Marmion* as the most powerful and splendid, *The Lady of the Lake* as the most interesting, romantic, picturesque, and graceful."

It would probably be correct to say that *The Lady of the Lake* is still the most frequently read of any of Scott's poems, but is regarded by critics as on the whole inferior to its two predecessors. Hutton, in his *Life of Scott*, says that *The Lady of the Lake* seems to him to depend too much on the mere interest of the story:—

"*The Lady of the Lake*, with the exception of two or three

brilliant passages, has always seemed to me more of a versified *novelette*—without the higher and broader characteristics of Scott's prose novels—than of a poem.

I suppose what one expects from a poem as distinguished from a romance—even though the poem incorporates a story—is that it should not rest for its chief interest on the mere development of the story; but rather that the narrative should be quite subordinate to that insight into the deeper side of life and manners, in expressing which poetry has so great an advantage over prose."

There is, no doubt, a measure of truth in the criticism, but the impression left on the mind after reading the poem is not so much of the actual story, as of a brilliant series of scenes and incidents, told with a vigour and picturesqueness which would be scarcely possible in prose.

Characteristics.

It may be well, in conclusion, to try to form some estimate for ourselves of *The Lady of the Lake*. In doing so it must be remembered that the poem is a Metrical Romance. The special characteristics which we expect in Romance poetry are sustained and vigorous action, freshness of scene, incident and language, and a sense of reality. Romance poetry is a failure when it is dull, commonplace, or unreal.

(1) Sustained and vigorous action is certainly a characteristic of *The Lady of the Lake*, more than of either *Marmion* or *The Lay*. It has scarcely any dull passages, vivid pictures of scenery filling in the intervals between the incidents of the poem.

It is the vigour and energy of Scott's greatest poems that have made some critics call him 'Homeric.' In his diary he notes: "If there is anything good in my poetry, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions."

As an illustration of this power of Scott's poetry over his own countrymen an anecdote may be quoted from Lockhart.

"In the course of the day when *The Lady of the Lake* first reached Sir Adam Fergusson, he was posted with his company on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery; somewhere, no doubt, on the lines of Torres Vedras. The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground; while they kept that attitude, the Captain, kneeling at their head, read aloud the description of the battle in Canto VI., and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza, whenever the French shot struck the bank close above them."

(2) Freshness of scene, incident, and language, was more possible to Scott than to other Romance writers, because, as the leading reviver of Romance poetry in his age, he could bring old types into fresh use, and also because his vast antiquarian knowledge gave him access to a store of materials such as few men have enjoyed. The crowd of imitators, whom his success encouraged to follow him, could do little more than reproduce the same types, without the same power of giving variety to them. Some of the incidents in *The Lady of the Lake* are, in themselves, commonplaces of Romance. The gift of the ring by Fitz-James, the hospitality of Roderick to the stranger-knight, Douglas' surrender and subsequent restoration—incidents similar to these could easily be found in earlier Romance literature; but they were fresh to the age for which Scott wrote—an age that was only beginning to awaken to an interest in Romance—and they are still best known as they appear in this poem.

Freshness of language is a characteristic in which verse has necessarily a great advantage over prose, owing to its larger command of words. This is especially true of Romance poetry, which can borrow words from the past as well as the present, and so gain at once an antique tone and variety of language. In this way Scott, who is not notable among poets for command of words, manages to give freshness to the language of *The Lady of the Lake*. Thus a sword is described as a glaive, falchion, claymore, broad-sword, blade or brand; a boat as a shallop, frigate, barge, skiff or bark; a hill as a down, fell, brae or slope. But though the language is fresh, there is scarcely anything in Scott's poems of that almost magic art of

the use of words, that makes the verses of some poets linger in the memory like music.

(3) Reality is, or should be, the special characteristic of Romance poetry. A poet is a 'maker.' He may be a maker of thought, like Wordsworth; or of emotion, like Shelley or Keats; or he may be, like Scott, a maker of imagery, one who can create a world for us, in which we seem for the time to live and act—a Romance poet. This realization of the life and action of the past we expect to find more vivid and intense in Romance poetry than in prose. In this *The Lady of the Lake* is inferior to the *Lay* and *Marmion*, just as *Rokeby* is inferior to *The Lady of the Lake.*

The plot of *The Lady of the Lake* is more elaborate, and its characters better developed, but we do not share their life quite as fully as we fight with Marmion at Flodden, or ride with Deloraine to Melrose. Perhaps Scott himself entered more fully into the past life of the Borders than into that of the Highlands, and so can make it more vivid for us.

But the inferiority of *The Lady of the Lake* is only comparative, and if it has a sense of reality less strong than its predecessors, it has a more delicate beauty—the beauty of sunrise, and winding lakes, and mountain-air; of innocent love, and chivalrous valour, and patient endurance.

ARGUMENT.

The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch-Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each Day occupy a Canto.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CHASE.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
  On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
  Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
  Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O minstrel Harp! still must thine accents sleep?
  Mid rustling leaves and fountain's murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
  Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
  Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
  At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
  Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
'To arms! the foemen storm the wall,'
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky;

A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices join'd the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe;
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint and more faint, its failing din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V.

The noble stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood grey,
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigour with the hope return'd;
With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'T were long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
What reins were tighten'd in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;
Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring stag strain'd full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;—
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
And turn'd him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

IX.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanish'd game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more;

Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.
'I little thought, when first thy rein
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey!'

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they press'd,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answer'd with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seem'd an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join some comrade of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

XI.

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.

But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cleft a narrow bower;

Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,

But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

XV.

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed.
And, 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
'For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this broad brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister grey;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewilder'd stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

XVI.

'Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.

Yet pass we that; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place;—
A summer night, in greenwood spent,
Were but to-morrow's merriment:
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better miss'd than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—
I am alone;—my bugle-strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried.'

XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.

With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.

And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unreveal'd,
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O! need I tell that passion's name?

XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
'Father!' she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused; no answer came.—
'Malcolm, was thine the blast?' the name

Less resolutely utter'd fell;
The echoes could not catch the swell.
'A stranger I,' the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gain'd between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

XXI.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage,
Yet had not quench'd the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb array'd,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a Baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armour trode the shore.

Slighting the petty need he show'd,
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command.

XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still
To wilder'd wanderers of the hill.
'Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pull'd for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer.'—
'Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has err'd,' he said;
'No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay in fairy land!'—

XXIII.

'I well believe,' the maid replied,
As her light skiff approach'd the side,—
'I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-Bane foretold your plight,—
A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent
Was on the vision'd future bent.
He saw your steed, a dappled grey,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be
To grace a guest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deem'd it was my father's horn,
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.'

XXIV.

The stranger smiled:—'Since to your home
A destined errant-knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I 'll lightly front each high emprise,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me, first, the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.'

The maid, with smile suppress'd and sly,
The toil unwonted saw him try;
For seldom sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasp'd an oar:
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The dark'ning mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV.

The stranger view'd the shore around;
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden show'd
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And open'd on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.

Lopp'd of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, over-head,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And wither'd heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idaean vine,
The clematis, the favour'd flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she staid,
And gaily to the stranger said,
'On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!'

XXVII.

'My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee.'
He cross'd the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rush'd,
But soon for vain alarm he blush'd,

When on the floor he saw display'd,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropp'd from the sheath, that careless flung,
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,
That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the silvan hall.

XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised:—
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length:
And as the brand he poised and sway'd,
'I never knew but one,' he said,
'Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field.'
She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word:
'You see the guardian champion's sword;

As light it trembles in his hand,
As in my grasp a hazel wand;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart;
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old.

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court;
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unask'd his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the stranger names,
'The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning, with Lord Moray's train,
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,

Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wander'd here.'

XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire.
Well show'd the elder lady's mien,
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks display'd
The simple grace of silvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Show'd she was come of gentle race.
'Twere strange, in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turn'd all inquiry light away:—
'Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.'
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Fill'd up the symphony between.

XXXI.

Song.

'Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
  Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
  Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

'No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
  Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
  Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
  At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here 's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadron's stamping.'

XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

Song continued.

'Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
  While our slumbrous spells assail ye,

Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé.'

XXXIII.

The hall was clear'd—the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dream'd their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lull'd to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honour 's lost.
Then,—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
Again return'd the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.

They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view—
O were his senses false or true?
Dream'd he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seem'd to walk, and speak of love;
She listen'd with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darken'd cheek and threatening eyes,
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recall'd the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fix'd his eye,
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along,

Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume:
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Play'd on the water's still expanse,—
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:—
'Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain-maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fever'd dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I 'll dream no more—by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resign'd.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I 'll turn to rest, and dream no more.'
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturb'd repose;
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawn'd on Benvenue.

CANTO SECOND.

THE ISLAND.

I.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd Allan-Bane!

II.

Song.

'Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger, go! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

'High place to thee in royal court,
  High place in battled line,
Good hawk and hound for silvan sport,
Where beauty sees the brave resort,
  The honour'd meed be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And lost in love's and friendship's smile
Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

Song continued.

'But if beneath yon southern sky
  A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
  Pine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap ere while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

'Or if on life's uncertain main
  Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
  Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle.'

IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallop reach'd the mainland side,
And ere his onward way he took,
The stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The Harper on the islet beach,
Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, grey, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seem'd watching the awakening fire;
So still he sate, as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still, as life itself were fled,
In the last sound his harp had sped.

V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.—
Smiled she to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
While her vex'd spaniel, from the beach
Bay'd at the prize beyond his reach?
Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,
Why deepen'd on her cheek the rose?—

Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!
Perchance the maiden smiled to see
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
And stop and turn to wave anew;
And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
Show me the fair would scorn to spy,
And prize such conquest of her eye!

VI.

While yet he loiter'd on the spot,
It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him not;
But when he turn'd him to the glade,
One courteous parting sign she made;
And after, oft the knight would say,
That not, when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell,
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
He parts—the maid, unconscious still,
Watch'd him wind slowly round the hill;
But when his stately form was hid,
The guardian in her bosom chid—
'Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!'
'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,—
'Not so had Malcolm idly hung
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue;
Not so had Malcolm strain'd his eye,
Another step than thine to spy.—

Wake, Allan-Bane,' aloud she cried,
To the old Minstrel by her side,—
'Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name;
Pour forth the glory of the Græme!'
Scarce from her lip the word had rush'd,
When deep the conscious maiden blush'd;
For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

VII.

The Minstrel waked his harp—three times
Arose the well-known martial chimes,
And thrice their high heroic pride
In melancholy murmurs died.
'Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,'
Clasping his wither'd hands, he said,
'Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,
Though all unwont to bid in vain.
Alas! than mine a mightier hand
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spann'd!
I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe;
And the proud march, which victors tread,
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
O well for me, if mine alone
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
If, as my tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which erst Saint Modan sway'd,
Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII.

'But ah! dear lady, thus it sigh'd
The eve thy sainted mother died;
And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And, disobedient to my call,
Wail'd loud through Bothwell's banner'd hall,
Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven.—
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!'

IX.

Soothing she answer'd him—'Assuage,
Mine honour'd friend, the fears of age;
All melodies to thee are known,
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,
In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,
At times, unbidden notes should rise,
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,

Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song?—
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resign'd,
Than yonder oak might give the wind;
The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.
For me,'—she stoop'd, and, looking round,
Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the ground,—
'For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the king's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair.'
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreath'd in her dark locks, and smiled.

X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wiled the old harper's mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw,
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrill'd to a tear, then thus replied:
'Loveliest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honours, thou hast lost!

O might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place,
To see my favourite's step advance,
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!'

XI.

'Fair dreams are these,' the maiden cried,
(Light was her accent, yet she sigh'd;)
'Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footstep spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,—
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day.'—

XII.

The ancient bard his glee repress'd:
'Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled?

In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;
And since, though outlaw'd, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dared give—ah! woe the day,
That I such hated truth should say—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disown'd by every noble peer,
Even the rude refuge we have here?
Alas! this wild marauding Chief
Alone might hazard our relief,
And, now thy maiden charms expand,
Looks for his guerdon in thy hand;
Full soon may dispensation sought,
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
Then, though an exile on the hill,
Thy father, as the Douglas, still
Be held in reverence and fear;
And though to Roderick thou 'rt so dear,
That thou mightst guide with silken thread,
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread,
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
Thy hand is on a lion's mane.'—

XIII.

'Minstrel,' the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
'My debts to Roderick's house I know:
All that a mother could bestow,
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,

Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrow'd o'er her sister's child;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life,—but not my hand.
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell;
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV.

'Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses grey,—
That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own?—I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave;
And generous—save vindictive mood,
Or jealous transport, chafe his blood:
I grant him true to friendly band,
As his claymore is to his hand;
But O! that very blade of steel
More mercy for a foe would feel:
I grant him liberal, to fling
Among his clan the wealth they bring,
When back by lake and glen they wind,
And in the Lowland leave behind,

Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
The hand that for my father fought
I honour, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red,
From peasants slaughter'd in their shed?
No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
They make his passions darker seem,
And flash along his spirit high,
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
While yet a child,—and children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,—
I shudder'd at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His haughty mien and lordly air:
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
To change such odious theme were best,—
What thinkst thou of our stranger guest?'—

XV.

'What think I of him?—woe the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle!
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.

If courtly spy hath harbour'd here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deem'd of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say?
—Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,
Bethink thee of the discord dread
That kindled, when at Beltane game
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme;
Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,
Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud.
Beware!—But hark, what sounds are these?
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze;
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;
Still is the canna's hoary beard;
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar.'

XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four mann'd and masted barges grew,
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steer'd full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brianchoil they pass'd,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd Pine.

Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave:
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters down, and sweep
The furrow'd bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.
At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellow'd along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wail'd every harsher note away;
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear;
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And, hurrying at the signal dread,
The batter'd earth returns their tread.
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Express'd their merry marching on,

Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broad sword upon target jarr'd;
And groaning pause, ere yet again,
Condensed, the battle yell'd amain;
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout.
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.
Nor ended thus the strain; but slow,
Sunk in a moan prolong'd and low,
And changed the conquering clarion swell,
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill
Were busy with their echoes still;
And, when they slept, a vocal strain
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
While loud a hundred clansmen raise
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
Each boatman, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the burden bore,
In such wild cadence, as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees.
The chorus first could Allan know,
'Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!'
And near, and nearer as they row'd,
Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

XIX.

Boat Song.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O that the rose-bud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

XXI.

With all her joyful female band,
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;
While, prompt to please, with mother's art,
The darling passion of his heart,
The Dame call'd Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kinsman ere he land:
'Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreathe a victor's brow?'
Reluctantly and slow, the maid
The unwelcome summoning obey'd,
And, when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung:—

'List, Allan-Bane! From mainland cast,
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be ours,' she cried, 'the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side.'
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely press'd,
Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof)
Still held a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride.
Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away
From his dimm'd eye the gathering spray;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,
'Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I 'll tell thee:—he recalls the day,
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answer'd loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,
Though the waned crescent own'd my might,
And in my train troop'd lord and knight,
Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true,
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,
O! it out-beggars all I lost!'

XXIV

Delightful praise!—Like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took his favourite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye,
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.
And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled Goddess of the wood,
That if a father's partial thought
O'erweigh'd her worth and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV.

Of stature tall, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curl'd closely round his bonnet blue.
Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy:
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;

Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow;
And scarce that doe, though wing'd with fear,
Outstripp'd in speed the mountaineer:
Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind;
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame;
It danced as lightsome in his breast,
As play'd the feather on his crest.
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,
Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,
And, 'O my sire!' did Ellen say,
'Why urge thy chase so far astray?
And why so late return'd?—and why'—
The rest was in her speaking eye.
'My child, the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime reft
Were all of Douglas I have left.
I met young Malcolm as I stray'd,
Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade.

Nor stray'd I safe; for, all around,
Hunters and horsemen scour'd the ground.
This youth, though still a royal ward,
Risk'd life and land to be my guard,
And through the passes of the wood
Guided my steps, not unpursued;
And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
Nor peril aught for me agen.'

XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Græme,
Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
Fail'd aught in hospitality.
In talk and sport they whiled away
The morning of that summer day;
But at high noon a courier light
Held secret parley with the knight,
Whose moody aspect soon declared,
That evil were the news he heard.
Deep thought seem'd toiling in his head;
Yet was the evening banquet made,
Ere he assembled round the flame,
His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
And Ellen too; then cast around
His eyes, then fix'd them on the ground,
As studying phrase that might avail
Best to convey unpleasant tale.
Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd,
Then raised his haughty brow, and said

XXVIII.

'Short be my speech;—nor time affords,
Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
Kinsman and father,—if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;
Mine honour'd mother;—Ellen—why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye?—
And Græme; in whom I hope to know
Full soon a noble friend or foe,
When age shall give thee thy command
And leading in thy native land,—
List all!—The King's vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
To share their monarch's silvan game,
Themselves in bloody toils were snared;
And when the banquet they prepared,
And wide their loyal portals flung,
O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
And from the silver Teviot's side;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless and so ruthless known,
Now hither comes; his end the same,
The same pretext of silvan game.
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye
By fate of Border chivalry.

Yet more; amid Glenfinlas green,
Douglas, thy stately form was seen—
This by espial sure I know:
Your counsel, in the streight I show?'

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire—that to her son.
The hasty colour went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme;
But from his glance it well appear'd,
'Twas but for Ellen that he fear'd;
While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,
The Douglas thus his counsel said:—
'Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
It may but thunder, and pass o'er;
Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower;
For well thou know'st, at this grey head
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek, apart,
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor,
The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er.'

XXX.

'No, by mine honour,' Roderick said,
'So help me Heaven, and my good blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
My fathers' ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
Will bind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
And, when I light the nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames
Shall scare the slumbers of King James!
—Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
I meant not all my heat might say.
Small need of inroad, or of fight,
When the sage Douglas may unite
Each mountain clan in friendly band,
To guard the passes of their land,
Till the foil'd king, from pathless glen,
Shall bootless turn him home agen.'

XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour,
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,

And, on the verge that beetled o'er
The ocean-tide's incessant roar,
Dream'd calmly out their dangerous dream,
Till waken'd by the morning beam;
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unintermitted sound,
And thought the battled fence so frail,
It waved like cobweb in the gale;—
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foreshow?—
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
As sudden ruin yawn'd around,
By crossing terrors wildly toss'd,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak—but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas mark'd the hectic strife,
Where death seem'd combating with life;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rush'd the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wan as clay.

'Roderick, enough! enough!' he cried,
'My daughter cannot be thy bride;
Not that the blush to wooer dear,
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
It may not be—forgive her, Chief,
Nor hazard aught for our relief.
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
Will level a rebellious spear.
'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
To rein a steed and wield a brand;
I see him yet, the princely boy!
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
I love him still, despite my wrongs,
By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.
O seek the grace you well may find,
Without a cause to mine combined.'

XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode;
The waving of his tartans broad,
And darken'd brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy light,
Like the ill Demon of the night,
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest its envenom'd smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes that mock'd at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o'er.

The death-pangs of long-cherish'd hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its chequer'd shroud,
While every sob—so mute were all—
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So the deep anguish of despair
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:
'Back, beardless boy!' he sternly said,
'Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at naught
The lesson I so lately taught?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delay'd.'
Eager as greyhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.
'Perish my name, if aught afford
Its Chieftain safety save his sword!'
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand
Griped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been—but Douglas rose,
And thrust between the struggling foes

His giant strength :—'Chieftains, forego!
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.—
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
What! is the Douglas fall'n so far,
His daughter's hand is deem'd the spoil
Of such dishonourable broil!'
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
As falter'd through terrific dream.
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
And veil'd his wrath in scornful word:
'Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!
Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan,
The pageant pomp of earthly man.
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
Thou canst our strength and passes show.—
Malise, what ho!'—his henchman came;
'Give our safe-conduct to the Græme.'
Young Malcolm answer'd, calm and bold,
'Fear nothing for thy favourite hold;
The spot an angel deigned to grace
Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place.

Thy churlish courtesy for those
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
As safe to me the mountain way
At midnight as in blaze of day,
Though with his boldest at his back,
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—
Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—nay,
Nought here of parting will I say.
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen
So secret, but we meet agen.—
Chieftain! we too shall find an hour,'—
He said, and left the silvan bower.

XXXVI.

Old Allan follow'd to the strand,
(Such was the Douglas's command,)
And anxious told, how, on the morn,
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.
Much were the peril to the Græme,
From those who to the signal came;
Far up the lake 'twere safest land,
Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind,
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword roll'd,
His ample plaid in tighten'd fold,
And stripp'd his limbs to such array
As best might suit the watery way,—

XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: 'Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity!'
The Minstrel's hand he kindly press'd,—
'O! could I point a place of rest!
My sovereign holds in ward my land,
My uncle leads my vassal band;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,
Who loves the Chieftain of his name,
Not long shall honour'd Douglas dwell,
Like hunted stag, in mountain cell;
Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber dare,—
I may not give the rest to air!
Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain-side.'
Then plunged he in the flashing tide.
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steer'd him from the shore;
And Allan strain'd his anxious eye,
Far 'mid the lake his form to spy
Darkening across each puny wave,
To which the moon her silver gave.
Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb;
Then landing in the moonlight dell,
Loud shouted, of his weal to tell.
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

CANTO THIRD.

THE GATHERING.

I.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

II.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the Lake, just stirr'd the trees;
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The grey mist left the mountain side,
The torrent show'd its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer coo'd the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.

Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
For such Antiquity had taught
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking band stood oft aghast
At the impatient glance he cast;—
Such glance the mountain-eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV.

A heap of wither'd boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian, the hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grizzled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,
But Druid's, from the grave released,

Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look;
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore,
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er.
The hallow'd creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse;
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunn'd with care,
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase called off his hound;
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He pray'd, and signed the cross between,
While terror took devotion's mien.

V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
His mother watch'd a midnight fold,
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scatter'd lay the bones of men,
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleach'd by drifting wind and rain.
It might have tamed a warrior's heart,
To view such mockery of his art!
The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand,
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-fare framed her lowly nest;
There the slow blind-worm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time;

And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wreathed with chaplet, flush'd and full,
For heath-bell with her purple bloom,
Supplied the bonnet and the plume.
All night, in this sad glen, the maid
Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade:
—She said, no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untied,
Yet ne'er again, to braid her hair,
The virgin snood did Alice wear;
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
Her maiden girdle all too short;
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church, or blessed rite,
But lock'd her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfess'd.

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years;
A moody and heart-broken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
To wood and stream his hap to wail,
Till, frantic, he as truth received
What of his birth the crowd believed,
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,
The cloister oped her pitying gate;

In vain, the learning of the age
Unclasp'd the sable-lettered page;
Even in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind.
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride;
Till, with fired brain and nerves o'er-strung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the River Demon rise;
The mountain mist took form and limb,
Of noontide hag, or goblin grim;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swell'd with the voices of the dead;
Far on the future battle-heath
His eye beheld the ranks of death:
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd,
Shaped forth a disembodied world.
One lingering sympathy of mind
Still bound him to the mortal kind;
The only parent he could claim
Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.

Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream;
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;
The thunderbolt had split the pine,—
All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his loins, and came to show
The signals of impending woe,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared;—and from the rock,
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
Patient the sickening victim eyed
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
A slender crosslet form'd with care,
A cubit's length in measure due;
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
The Cross, thus form'd, he held on high,
With wasted hand, and haggard eye,

And strange and mingled feelings woke,
While his anathema he spoke.

IX.

'Woe to the clansman, who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine's dwelling low!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just
Shall doom him wrath and woe.'
He paused;—the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook;
And first in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his muster'd force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,
'Woe to the traitor, woe!'
Ben-an's grey scalp the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle scream'd afar,—
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X.

The shout was hush'd on lake and fell,
The monk resumed his mutter'd spell:

Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reach'd the air,
Although the holiest name was there,
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—
'Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
For, as the flames this symbol sear,
His home, the refuge of his fear,
A kindred fate shall know;
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
And infamy and woe.'
Then rose the cry of females, shrill
As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill,
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
Of curses stammer'd slow;
Answering, with imprecation dread,
'Sunk be his home in embers red!
And cursed be the meanest shed
That e'er shall hide the houseless head,
We doom to want and woe!'
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!
And the grey pass where birches wave
On Beala-nam-bo.

XI.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his labouring breath he drew,
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,
And eyes that glow'd like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread,
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,
Who, summon'd to his Chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
He quenched among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he rear'd,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
'When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth!
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark,
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!'
He ceased; no echo gave agen
The murmur of the deep Amen.

XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took:

'Speed, Malise, speed!' he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
'The muster-place be Lanrick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!'
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch Katrine flew;
High stood the henchman on the prow;
So rapidly the barge-men row,
The bubbles, where they launch'd the boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had near'd the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;

Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They pour'd each hardy tenant down.
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace;
He show'd the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamour and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swath the scythe;
The herds without a keeper stray'd,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!

The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed!—The lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There mayest thou rest, thy labour done,
Their Lord shall speed the signal on.—
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way.
—What woeful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place!—
Within the hall, where torch's ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

XVI.

Coronach.

'He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!'

XVII.

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,

Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast:—unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall;
Before the dead man's bier he stood;
Held forth the Cross besmear'd with blood—
'The muster-place is Lanrick mead—
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!'

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
In haste the stripling to his side
His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony,
Back to her open'd arms he flew,
Press'd on her lips a fond adieu—
'Alas!' she sobb'd,—'and yet, be gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!'
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.

Suspended was the widow's tear,
While yet his footsteps she could hear;
And when she mark'd the henchman's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
'Kinsman,' she said, 'his race is run,
That should have sped thine errand on;
The oak has fall'n,—the sapling bough
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
Yet trust I well, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son.—
And you, in many a danger true,
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
Let babes and women wail the dead.'
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,
Resounded through the funeral hall,
While from the walls the attendant band
Snatch'd sword and targe, with hurried hand;
And short and flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrow'd force;
Grief claim'd his right, and tears their course.

XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear that gather'd in his eye
He left the mountain breeze to dry;

Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,
That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of St Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reel'd his sympathetic eye,
He dash'd amid the torrent's roar:
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice—the foam splash'd high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
And had he fall'n,—for ever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasp'd the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gain'd,
And up the chapel pathway strain'd.

XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,
Had sought the chapel of St Bride.
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave.
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear;

And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;
And Minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step, and bashful hand,
She held the kerchief's snowy band;
The gallant bridegroom by her side
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate?
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soil'd he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
'The muster-place is Lanrick mead—
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!'
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just link'd to his by holy band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?

O fatal doom!—it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch to the race—away! away!

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.
—What in the racer's bosom stirr'd?
The sickening pang of hope deferr'd,
And memory, with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The manly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,
And hope, from well-fought field returning,
With war's red honours on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII.

Song.

'The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary!
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought of thee, Mary.
And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
To my young bride and me, Mary!'

XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquhidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,

Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turn'd its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
From the grey sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequester'd glen,
Muster'd its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood;
Each train'd to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue,

And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
To view the frontiers of Menteith.
All backward came with news of truce;
Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce;
In Rednoch courts no horsemen wait,
No banner waved on Cardross gate,
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
Nor scared the herons from Loch Con;
All seemed at peace.—Now wot ye why
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scann'd with care?—
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequester'd dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

XXVI.

It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had staid full many a rock,
Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's grey summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,

They frown'd incumbent o'er the spot,
And form'd the rugged silvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern grey.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild-cat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Grey Superstition's whisper dread
Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their silvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repass'd the heights of Benvenue.

Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo:
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen in array.
Yet lags the chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord;
The rest their way through thickets break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighbouring height,
By the low-levell'd sunbeams' light!
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII.

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turn'd apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode.
It was but with that dawning morn,
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn

To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love!
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost;
For though his haughty heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear,
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees.
But hark! what mingles in the strain?
It is the harp of Allan-Bane,
That wakes its measure slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX.

Hymn to the Virgin.

'*Ave Maria!* maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer!
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

'*Ave Maria!* undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer!
Mother, list a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

'*Ave Maria!* stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer!
And for a father hear a child!
Ave Maria!'

XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn.—
Unmoved in attitude and limb,
As list'ning still, Clan-Alpine's Lord
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,
Until the page, with humble sign,
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then while his plaid he round him cast,
'It is the last time—'tis the last,'
He mutter'd thrice,—'the last time e'er
That angel voice shall Roderick hear!'
It was a goading thought—his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;

Sullen he flung him in the boat,
And instant 'cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanrick height,
Where muster'd, in the vale below,
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made;
Some sate, some stood, some slowly stray'd;
But most, with mantles folded round,
Were couch'd to rest upon the ground,
Scarce to be known by curious eye,
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was match'd the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green;
Unless where, here and there, a blade,
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.
But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times return'd the martial yell;
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claim'd her evening reign.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE PROPHECY.

I.

'THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!'—
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue,
All while he stripp'd the wild-rose spray.
His axe and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,
A wakeful sentinel he stood.

Hark! on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.
'Stand, or thou diest!—What, Malise?—soon
Art thou return'd from Braes of Doune.
By thy keen step and glance I know,
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe.'—
(For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
On distant scout had Malise gone.)
'Where sleeps the Chief?' the henchman said.—
'Apart, in yonder misty glade;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide.'—
Then call'd a slumberer by his side,
And stirr'd him with his slacken'd bow—
'Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chieftain; on the track,
Keep eagle watch till I come back.'

III.

Together up the pass they sped:
'What of the foemen?' Norman said.—
'Varying reports from near and far;
This certain,—that a band of war
Has for two days been ready boune,
At prompt command, to march from Doune;
King James, the while, with princely powers,
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
Inured to bide such bitter bout,
The warrior's plaid may bear it out;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride?'—

'What! know ye not that Roderick's care
To the lone isle hath caused repair
Each maid and matron of the clan,
And every child and aged man
Unfit for arms; and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
Upon these lakes shall float at large,
But all beside the islet moor,
That such dear pledge may rest secure?'—

IV.

''Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan
Bespeaks the father of his clan.
But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
Apart from all his followers true?'—
'It is, because last evening-tide
Brian an augury hath tried,
Of that dread kind which must not be
Unless in dread extremity;
The Taghairm call'd; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.
Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew.'

MALISE.

'Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
His red eye glow'd like fiery spark;
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,

And kept our stoutest kernes in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
But steep and flinty was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikemen's goad,
And when we came to Dennan's Row,
A child might scatheless stroke his brow.'

V.

NORMAN.

'That bull was slain: his reeking hide
They stretch'd the cataract beside,
Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.
Couch'd on a shelve beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,
The wizard waits prophetic dream.
Nor distant rests the Chief;—but hush!
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host?
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak?'

MALISE.

—'Peace! peace! to other than to me
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, glean'd from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now
Together they descend the brow.'

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word:—
'Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
For man endowed with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,—
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim,
My soul with harrowing anguish torn,
This for my Chieftain have I borne!—
The shapes that sought my fearful couch
A human tongue may ne'er avouch;
No mortal man,—save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law,—
Had e'er survived to say he saw.

At length the fateful answer came,
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul;—
WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE.'—

VII.

'Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good is thine augury, and fair.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,
But first our broadswords tasted blood.
A surer victim still I know,
Self-offer'd to the auspicious blow:
A spy has sought my land this morn,—
No eve shall witness his return!
My followers guard each pass's mouth,
To east, to westward, and to south;
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
Has charge to lead his steps aside,
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
He light on those shall bring him down.
—But see, who comes his news to show!
Malise! what tidings of the foe?'—

VIII.

'At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive,
Two Barons proud their banners wave.
I saw the Moray's silver star,
And mark'd the sable pale of Mar.'—
'By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes.

When move they on?'—'To-morrow's noon
Will see them here for battle boune.'—
'Then shall it see a meeting stern!—
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn?
Strengthened by them, we well might bide
The battle on Benledi's side.
Thou couldst not?—well! Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen;
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child, and son for sire,
Lover for maid beloved!—But why—
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?
Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!
A messenger of doubt or fear?
No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.
Each to his post—all know their charge.'
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.
—I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX.

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the grey stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;

While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are pour'd on her unheeding ear.—
He will return—Dear lady, trust!—
With joy return;—he will—he must.
Well was it time to seek, afar,
Some refuge from impending war,
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
Are cow'd by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats, with many a light,
Floating the live-long yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north;
I mark'd at morn how close they ride,
Thick moor'd by the lone islet's side,
Like wild ducks couching in the fen,
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
Since this rude race dare not abide
The peril on the mainland side,
Shall not thy noble father's care
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?'—

X.

ELLEN.

'No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender tone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave,
The tear that glisten'd in his eye
Drown'd not his purpose fix'd and high.
My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,

Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,
Reflects the invulnerable rock.
He hears report of battle rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife.
I saw him redden, when the theme
Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen aught?
Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought
For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—
(Let me be just) that friend so true;
In danger both, and in our cause!
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
Why else that solemn warning given,
"If not on earth, we meet in heaven?"
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
If eve return him not again,
Am I to hie, and make me known?
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friend's safety with his own;
He goes to do—what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!'—

XI.

'Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named yon holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme,—
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—
My vision'd sight may yet prove true,
Nor bode of ill to him or you.

When did my gifted dream beguile?
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow,
That presaged this approaching woe!
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
Of such a wondrous tale I know—
Dear lady, change that look of woe,
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer.'—

ELLEN.

'Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear.'
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII.

Ballad.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

'O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

'O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

'Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

'And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd deer,
To keep the cold away.'—

'O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

'If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey,
As gay the forest-green.

'And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand.'

XIII.

Ballad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who won'd within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

'Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

'Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christen'd man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter'd word or ban.

'Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.'

XIV.

Ballad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have still'd their singing!
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,
'I fear not sign,' quoth the grisly elf,
'That is made with bloody hands.'

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
'And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer.'—

'Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.'

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
'And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

'And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?'

XV.

Ballad continued.

''Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

'And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

'And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

'It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

'But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine.'

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice—
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,
When all the bells were ringing.

XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
A stranger climb'd the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppress'd a scream:

'O stranger! in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here?'—
'An evil hap how can it be,
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshall'd, over bank and bourne,
The happy path of my return.'—
'The happy path!—what! said he nought
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?'—'No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe.'—
'O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
—Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure!—
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
Had not been bribed by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here.'

XVII.

'Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath,
When love or honour's weigh'd with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild,
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled;
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.

Near Bochastle my horses wait;
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I'll guard thee like a tender flower'——
'O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art,
To say I do not read thy heart;
Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;
And how, O how, can I atone
The wreck my vanity brought on!—
One way remains—I'll tell him all—
Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first—my father is a man
Outlaw'd and exiled, under ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me 'twere infamy to wed.—
Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the truth!
Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—
If yet he is!—exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity—
Thou hast the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart!'

XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain;
But here he knew and felt them vain.
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;

In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had seal'd her Malcolm's doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffer'd to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.—
'O! little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan learn,
If thou mayst trust yon wily kern.'
With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made;
Then, as some thought had cross'd his brain,
He paused, and turn'd, and came again.

XIX.

'Hear, lady, yet, a parting word!—
It chanced in fight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
And bade, when I had boon to crave,
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword,
Whose castle is his helm and shield,
His lordship the embattled field.

What from a prince can I demand,
Who neither reck of state nor land?
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the King without delay;
This signet shall secure thy way;
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me.'
He placed the golden circlet on,
Paused—kiss'd her hand—and then was gone.
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
He join'd his guide, and wending down
The ridges of the mountain brown,
Across the stream they took their way,
That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX.

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
Sudden his guide whoop'd loud and high—
'Murdoch! was that a signal cry?'—
He stammer'd forth—'I shout to scare
Yon raven from his dainty fare.'
He look'd—he knew the raven's prey,
His own brave steed:—'Ah! gallant grey!
For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well
We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.—
Murdoch, move first—but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!'
Jealous and sullen, on they fared,
Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge,
When lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tatter'd weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seem'd nought to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreath'd with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling
To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shriek'd till all the rocks replied;
As loud she laugh'd when near they drew,
For then the Lowland garb she knew;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sung—
She sung!—the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now, though strain'd and roughen'd, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.

Song.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
  They say my brain is warp'd and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
  I cannot pray in Highland tongue.

But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They made me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile,
That drown'd in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

'Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle grey,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring.'—
''Tis Blanche of Devan,' Murdoch said,
'A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick foray'd Devan-side;
The gay bridegroom resistance made,
And felt our Chief's unconquer'd blade.
I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—
Hence, brain-sick fool!'—He raised his bow:—
'Now, if thou strikest her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant pitch'd a bar!'—

'Thanks, champion, thanks!' the Maniac cried,
And press'd her to Fitz-James's side.
'See the grey pennons I prepare,
To seek my true-love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and brier in mid air staid,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry.'—

XXIV.

'Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!'—
'O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

'For O my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trill'd the Lowland lay!

'It was not that I meant to tell...
But thou art wise, and guessest well.'
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
She fixed her apprehensive eye;
Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV.

'The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

'It was a stag, a stag of ten,
Bearing its branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

'It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warn'd him of the toils below,
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

'He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed—
Hunters watch so narrowly.'

XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.—
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
'Disclose thy treachery, or die!'
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew.
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast.—

Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit death—the prize is life!
Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couch'd upon the heathery moor;
Them couldst thou reach!—it may not be—
Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
—Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die;
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII.

She sate beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laugh'd;
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—
'Stranger, it is in vain!' she cried.
'This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.

A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.—
Seest thou this tress?—O! still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimm'd its shine.
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.—
I waver still.—O God! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light!—
O! by thy knighthood's honour'd sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
With tartans broad, and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!
They watch for thee by pass and fell...
Avoid the path...O God!...farewell.'

XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;
Fast pour'd his eyes at pity's claims;
And now with mingled grief and ire,
He saw the murder'd maid expire.

'God, in my need, be my relief,
As I wreak this on yonder Chief!'
A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet-side:
'By Him whose word is truth! I swear,
No other favour will I wear,
Till this sad token I imbrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu.
—But hark! what means yon faint halloo?
The chase is up,—but they shall know,
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe.'
Barr'd from the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
And oft must change his desperate track,
By stream and precipice turn'd back.
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
From lack of food and loss of strength,
He couch'd him in a thicket hoar,
And thought his toils and perils o'er:—
'Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat must prove the last!
Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune?
Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—
Hark, to the whistle and the shout!—
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe:
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way.'

XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze, that swept the wold,
Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journey'd on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,
A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
'Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand!'—
'A stranger.'—'What dost thou require?'—
'Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost.'—
'Art thou a friend to Roderick?'—'No.'—
'Thou darest not call thyself a foe?'—

'I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.'—
'Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy!'—
'They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest.'—
'If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight.'—
'Then by these tokens mayest thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.'—
'Enough, enough;—sit down, and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.'

XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his farther speech address'd:—
'Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honour spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;

Yet more, upon thy fate, 't is said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honour's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's utmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.'—
'I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 't is nobly given!'—
'Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby.'
With that he shook the gather'd heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COMBAT.

I.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.

That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain grey.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales beneath that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,

And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

'Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell,' the Saxon said,
'I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
All seem'd as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied.'—
'Yet why a second venture try?'—
'A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Moves our free course by such fix'd cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?

Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
The merry glance of mountain maid:
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone.'—

V.

'Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?'
—'No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.'—
'Free be they flung!—for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?'—
'Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,

Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart.'

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
'And heardst thou why he drew his blade?
Heardst thou, that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven.'—
'Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd truncheon of command,
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.—
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne.'

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answer'd with disdainful smile,—
'Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I mark'd thee send delighted eye,

Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fatten'd steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry
And well the mountain might reply,—
"To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest."
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Thinkst thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.'—

VIII.

Answer'd Fitz-James,—'And, if I sought,
Thinkst thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?'—
'As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,
Save to fulfil an augury.'—
'Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!'—

IX.

'Have, then, thy wish!'—He whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;

Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—'How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!'

X.

Fitz-James was brave:—though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'
Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide:
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

XI.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
'Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.'
They mov'd:—I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide
So late dishonour'd and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,

And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal-whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said—
'Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand:

For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.'

XIII.

The Saxon paused:—'I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserv'd,
A better meed have well deserv'd:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?'—'No, Stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
"Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife."'—
'Then, by my word,' the Saxon said,
'The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land.'

XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
'Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared?—By Heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair.'—
'I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.'—
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

'Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!'—
'Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.'

—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeem'd, unhoped, from desperate strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appear'd his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipt the braid,—
'Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid:
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valour give.'
With that he blew a bugle-note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sate down his brow and hands to lave.
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,—
With wonder view'd the bloody spot—
—'Exclaim not, gallants! question not.—
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high;—I must be boune,
To see the archer-game at noon;

But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

'Stand, Bayard, stand!'—the steed obey'd,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreath'd his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
And stirr'd his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair,
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launch'd, along the plain they go.
They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,
His merry-men follow'd as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;

They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career look'd down.

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd,
Sudden his steed the leader rein'd;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung:—
'Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey,
Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?'
'No, by my word;—a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A baron's train would nobly grace.'
'Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!
The uncle of the banish'd Earl.
Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe:

The King must stand upon his guard;
Douglas and he must meet prepared.'
Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight
They won the Castle's postern gate.

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's Abbey grey,
Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself:—
'Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate,—
God grant the ransom come not late!
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—
—Be pardon'd one repining tear!
For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
How excellent! but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.
—Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!
—But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel!

And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what masquers meet!
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports to-day.
James will be there; he loves such show,
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize;—King James shall mark,
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise.'

XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering drawbridge rock'd and rung,
And echo'd loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain,—
He chose the fairest of the train.

Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims—
'Long live the Commons' King, King James!'
Behind the King throng'd peer and knight,
And noble dame, and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill brook'd the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
—But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow, and visage stern:
There nobles mourn'd their pride restrain'd,
And the mean burgher's joys disdain'd;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banish'd man,
There thought upon their own grey tower,
Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deem'd themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout.
Their morricers, with bell at heel,
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
But chief, beside the butts, there stand
Bold Robin Hood and all his band,—
Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;

Their bugles challenge all that will,
In archery to prove their skill.
The Douglas bent a bow of might,—
His first shaft centred in the white,
And when in turn he shot again,
His second split the first in twain.
From the King's hand must Douglas take
A silver dart, the archer's stake;
Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye,
Some answering glance of sympathy,—
No kind emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to archer wight,
The Monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
The manly wrestlers take their stand.
Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes,
Nor call'd in vain; for Douglas came.
—For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring,
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
As frozen drop of wintry dew.
Douglas would speak, but in his breast
His struggling soul his words suppress'd;
Indignant then he turn'd him where
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massive bar in air.

When each his utmost strength had shown,
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,
A rood beyond the farthest mark;—
And still in Stirling's royal park,
The grey-haired sires, who know the past,
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.
The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd
A purse well-fill'd with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
And sharper glance, the dark grey man;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong;
The old men mark'd, and shook the head,
To see his hair with silver spread,
And wink'd aside, and told each son,
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land.
The women praised his stately form,
Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm;

The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmur rose to clamours loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King,
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or call'd the banish'd man to mind;
No, not from those who, at the chase,
Once held his side the honour'd place,
Begirt his board, and, in the field,
Found safety underneath his shield;
For he, whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known!

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North,—
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And dashing on the antler'd prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,

Came up, and with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.
—The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darken'd brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,
And brandish'd swords and staves amain.
But stern the Baron's warning—'Back!
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas.—Yes! behold,
King James! the Douglas, doom'd of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.'

'Thus is my clemency repaid?
Presumptuous Lord!' the monarch said;
'Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know:
But shall a Monarch's presence brook
Injurious blow, and haughty look?—
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting ward.—
Break off the sports!'—for tumult rose,
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—
'Break off the sports!' he said, and frown'd,
'And bid our horsemen clear the ground.'

XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray
Marr'd the fair form of festal day.
The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,
Repell'd by threats and insult loud;
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The timorous fly, the women shriek;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The hardier urge tumultuous war.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep;
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disorder'd roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said,—

'Sir John of Hyndford! 't was my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men.—

XXVIII.

'Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me, that widow's mate expires;
For me, that orphans weep their sires;
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!'

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Bless'd him who staid the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire:
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.—
'O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool?
Hear'st thou,' he said, 'the loud acclaim,
With which they shout the Douglas name?
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their morning note;

With like acclaim they hail'd the day
When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood,
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king!

XXXI.

'But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his cognizance afar—
What from our cousin, John of Mar?'—
'He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground:
For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
Most sure for evil to the throne,—
The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summon'd his rebellious crew;
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These loose banditti stand array'd.
The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
To break their muster march'd, and soon
Your grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride.'

XXXII.

'Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
I should have earlier look'd to this:
I lost it in this bustling day.
—Retrace with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy meed.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war:
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight;
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar our message, Braco: fly!'—
He turn'd his steed,—'My liege, I hie,—
Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broadswords will be drawn.'
The turf the flying courser spurn'd,
And to his towers the King return'd.

XXXIII.

Ill with King James's mood that day,
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the sadden'd town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.

The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumour'd feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms:—the Douglas too,
They mourn'd him pent within the hold,
'Where stout Earl William was of old.'—
And there his word the speaker staid,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the Castle press'd;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE GUARD-ROOM.

I.

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What varied scenes, and, O! what scenes of woe,
Are witness'd by that red and struggling beam!
The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds its stream;
The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon clang,
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blacken'd stone,
And show'd wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deform'd with beard and scar,
All haggard from the midnight watch,
And fever'd with the stern debauch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drain'd, and cups o'erthrown,
Show'd in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some labour'd still their thirst to quench;
Some, chill'd with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While round them, or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rung.

III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor own'd the patriarchal claim
Of Chieftain in their leader's name;

Adventurers they, from far who roved,
To live by battle which they loved.
There the Italian's clouded face,
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
The mountain-loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain-air;
The Fleming there despised the soil,
That paid so ill the labourer's toil;
Their rolls show'd French and German name;
And merry England's exiles came,
To share, with ill conceal'd disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well train'd to wield
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage fierce and uncontroll'd;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV.

They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;
Sad burden to the ruffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke!—

At length up-started John of Brent
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host a hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew,
When deed of danger was to do.
He grieved, that day, their games cut short,
And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud, 'Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the buxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear.'

V.

Soldier's Song.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;

And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,
Staid in mid-roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went,—
'Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And,—beat for jubilee the drum!
A maid and minstrel with him come.'
Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd,
Was entering now the Court of Guard,
A harper with him, and in plaid
All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
'What news?' they roar'd.—'I only know,
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untameable
As the rude mountains where they dwell;
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Nor much success can either boast.'—
'But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band.'—

VII.

'No, comrade;—no such fortune mine.
After the fight, these sought our line,
That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
And bring them hitherward with speed.
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
For none shall do them shame or harm.'—
'Hear ye his boast?' cried John of Brent,
Ever to strife and jangling bent;
'Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forester his fee?
I'll have my share, howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee.'
Bertram his forward step withstood;
And, burning in his vengeful mood,
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,
And dropp'd at once the tartan screen:—
So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, through summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on descended angel gazed;
Even hardy Brent, abash'd and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

Boldly she spoke,—'Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's friend;

Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.
Not from the valiant, or the strong,
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong.'—
Answer'd De Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill,—
'I shame me of the part I play'd;
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by forest laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,'—
He wiped his iron eye and brow,—
'Must bear such age, I think, as thou.—
Hear ye, my mates;—I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halberd on the floor;
And he that steps my halberd o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!—
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough:
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough.'

IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young,—
Of Tullibardine's house he sprung,—
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
Gay was his mien, his humour light,
And, though by courtesy controll'd,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
The high-born maiden ill could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye;—and yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generous youth;

But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
Ill suited to the garb and scene,
Might lightly bear construction strange,
And give loose fancy scope to range.
'Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?'—
Her dark eye flash'd;—she paused and sigh'd,—
'O what have I to do with pride!—
Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James.'

X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took,
With deep respect and alter'd look;
And said—'This ring our duties own;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean, obscurely veil'd,
Lady, in aught my folly fail'd.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour;
Female attendance shall obey
Your hest, for service or array.
Permit I marshal you the way.'

But, ere she followed, with the grace
And open bounty of her race,
She bade her slender purse be shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guerdon took;
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold;—
'Forgive a haughty English heart,
And O forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar.'
With thanks—'twas all she could—the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent:—
'My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my master's face!
His minstrel I,—to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.
With the Chief's birth begins our care;
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase;

In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
Nor leave him till we pour our verse—
A doleful tribute!—o'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right—deny it not!'—
'Little we reck,' said John of Brent,
'We Southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name—a word—
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
Yet kind my noble landlord's part,—
God bless the house of Beaudesert!
And, but I loved to drive the deer,
More than to guide the labouring steer,
I had not dwelt an outcast here.
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see.'

XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they pass'd, where, deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,
And many an hideous engine grim,
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
By artist form'd, who deemed it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-brow'd porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,

While bolt and chain he backward roll'd,
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They enter'd:—'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor;
Such as the rugged days of old
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.
'Here,' said De Brent, 'thou mayst remain
Till the Leech visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well.'
Retiring then, the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs growl'd anew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head;
The wondering Minstrel look'd, and knew—
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sought.

XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand,—
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu!
And oft his fever'd limbs he threw
In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,

That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from the seat;—
O! how unlike her course on sea!
Or his free step on hill and lea!—
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
'What of thy lady?—of my clan?—
My mother?—Douglas?—tell me all?—
Have they been ruin'd in my fall?
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?
Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear.'—
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked with grief and terror too.)
'Who fought?—who fled?—Old man, be brief;—
Some might—for they had lost their Chief.
Who basely live?—who bravely died?'—
'O, calm thee, Chief!' the Minstrel cried;
'Ellen is safe;'—'For that, thank Heaven!'—
'And hopes are for the Douglas given;—
The Lady Margaret, too, is well;
And, for thy clan,—on field or fell,
Has never harp of minstrel told
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent.'

XIV.

The Chieftain rear'd his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Chequer'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.
—'Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold, on festal day,

In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er
Shall harper play, or warrior hear! . . .
That stirring air that pēals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.—
Strike it!—and then, (for well thou canst,)
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soar'd from battle fray.'
The trembling Bard with awe obey'd,—
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witness'd from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,
Awaken'd the full power of song,
And bore him in career along;—
As shallop launch'd on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

XV.

Battle of Beal' an Duine.

'The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—

Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!
There is no breeze upon the fern,
Nor ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

XVI.

'Their light-arm'd archers far and near
Survey'd the tangled ground;
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frown'd;

Their barded horsemen, in the rear,
  The stern battalia crown'd.
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
  Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
  The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
  Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
  That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
  Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
  Save when they stirr'd the roe;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
  Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
  High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

'At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!
  Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
  Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
  The archery appear;

For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?—
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!'—
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levell'd low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.'—

XVIII.

'Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurl'd them on the foe.

I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
—"My banner-man, advance!
I see," he cried, "their column shake.—
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!"—
The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men!
And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was pour'd;
Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the dark whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XIX.

'Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within.
—Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on: its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
Grey Benvenue I soon repass'd,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set;—the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky hue of livid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain-glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged agen,
But not in mingled tide;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.

At weary bay each shatter'd band,
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

XX.

'Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried—"Behold yon isle!—
See! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand:
'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile;—
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den."—
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,
He plunged him in the wave:—
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
And to their clamours Benvenue
A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Pour'd down at once the lowering heaven;

A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows rear'd their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swell'd they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him shower'd, 'mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.—
In vain—He nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
—Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;—
I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd dame—
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand:
It darken'd,—but, amid the moan
Of waves, I heard a dying groan;
Another flash!—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI.

'"Revenge! revenge!" the Saxons cried—
The Gael's exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the Monarch's name, afar
An herald's voice forbade the war,

For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold.'
—But here the lay made sudden stand!—
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!—
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy:
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song;
At length, no more his deafen'd ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clench'd,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrench'd;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fix'd on vacancy;
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!—
Old Allan-bane look'd on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit pass'd:
But when he saw that life was fled,
He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII.

Lament.

'And art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
For thee shall none a requiem say?
—For thee,—who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,

The shelter of her exiled line?
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

'What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.—
O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

'Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prison'd eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine.'—

XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,
Remain'd in lordly bower apart,
Where play'd, with many-coloured gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.

The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
Or if she look'd, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawn'd the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra crouching by her side,
Her station claim'd with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betray'd.—
Those who such simple joys have known,
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
The window seeks with cautious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woful hour!
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

XXIV.

Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman.

'My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were, as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!'

XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turn'd her head,
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.
She turn'd the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.—
'O welcome, brave Fitz-James!' she said;
'How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt'— 'O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;

I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lay his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time—
He holds his court at morning prime.'
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung:
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whisper'd hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half stayed,
Through gallery fair, and high arcade,
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glow'd on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue, fancy frames
Aërial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought, who own'd this state,
The dreaded Prince, whose will was fate!—
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed,
Then turn'd bewilder'd and amazed,

For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent;
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs, and silks, and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring,—
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!

XXVII.

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands,—
She show'd the ring—she clasp'd her hands.
O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her; and, the while,
Check'd with a glance the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,
And bade her terrors be dismiss'd:—
'Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask nought for Douglas; yester even,
His Prince and he have much forgiven:
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue—
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamour loud;

Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern
With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.—
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.'

XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On Nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepp'd between—'Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'Tis under name which veils my power;
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause.'—

Then, in a tone apart and low,—
'Ah, little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!'—
Aloud he spoke—'Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?'

XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightening of her fears for Græme,
And more she deem'd the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
'Forbear thy suit:—the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings:
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand;—
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!—
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?'

Blushing, she turn'd her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wish'd her sire to speak
The suit that stain'd her glowing cheek.—
'Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.—
Malcolm, come forth!'—and, at the word,
Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
'For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues.
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!'—
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!
  Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway!
And little reck I of the censure sharp
  May idly cavil at an idle lay.
  Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
  When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
  Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire—
  'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing;—
  Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell—
  And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

NOTES.

CANTO I.

Canto I. introduces two of the chief characters of the poem—James FitzJames and Ellen, the Lady of the Lake. The poem opens with a vigorous account of a stag-hunt in the Highlands, over ground where such a hunt would probably have been in reality impracticable. FitzJames alone pursues the stag into the region of the Trosachs, through which, after the loss of his steed, he finds his way to the shores of Loch Katrine. Here he meets Ellen, who guides him to a lodge on an island of the Lake, where he is hospitably entertained. The sight of an immense sword, which falls as he enters the hall, awakens a train of memories which for a time disturb his rest.

The description of the Trosachs and Loch Katrine (Stanzas xi.–xv.) and of the knight's dream (Stanzas xxxiii.–xxxv.) are the most notable passages in this Canto.

Each Canto opens with one or more introductory stanzas in Spenserian metre (see Introduction). Scott, in common with the other Romance writers of his time, looked back to Spenser as one of the fathers of Romance poetry, and his *Vision of Don Roderick* was written entirely in this metre.

Int. 1. Harp of the North. After the manner of Greek and Latin Poets, Scott commences with an invocation to the muse of Scottish song. Cp. Moore's lines beginning

"Dear harp of my country, in silence I found thee."

2. Witch-elm. The broad-leaved drooping Elm (*Ulmus montana*) common in Scotland. Witch=drooping. See Glossary. Scott apparently intends a play on the word in the closing lines of Canto VI. where he calls it a 'wizard-elm.'

3. Fillan's spring. S. Fillan was Abbot of Pittenweem in Fife-

shire, where his cave is still shown. His pastoral Staff and Bells are now in the National Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh. The victory of the Scots at Bannockburn was attributed to his special intervention. Several springs and wells in Scotland were dedicated to him, and were supposed to possess miraculous power to cure insanity. Cp. *Marmion*, I. xxix. 12–14,

> "S. Fillan's blessed well,
> Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
> And the crazed brain restore."

The spring referred to here is about ten miles north of Loch Lomond in the valley of the Tay, where there is also a chapel dedicated to the Saint. Pennant in his *Tour in Scotland* (1772) first called attention to the local superstition, and down to 1835 insane people were still brought there to be cured. Perhaps Scott selects S. Fillan's spring as the resting place of the Harp of the North because the harp, like S. Fillan, can 'frenzied dreams dispel,' such as those of king Saul, or those to which Scott refers in the closing stanzas of Canto VI.

3. **Down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung.** The chords of the harp vibrated as the breezes blew across them, till the ivy crept over them and silenced their music.

10. **Caledon**, i.e. Caledonia, the Roman name for Scotland.

14. **Each according pause.** The pause between each verse of the song. The meaning is that each pause was brought into accord (or harmony) with the song by the strains of the harp. For similar use of 'according,' cp. *Marmion*, II. xi. 6–8,

> "Then, answering from the sandy shore,
> Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar,
> *According* chorus rose."

18. **Knighthood's dauntless deed, &c.** Compare the account of Romance poetry in *Marmion*, Introduction to Canto I. ll. 285–309.

20. **Magic maze.** The confusing variety of the sounds of the harp, like the windings of a maze.

I. 2. **Danced the moon on Monan's rill.** S. Monan was a Scotch saint and martyr of the Fourth century. There is no rill in the district known to be dedicated to him. Notice how exactly 'danced' expresses the flickering of the moon's reflection in running water.

4. **Glenartney.** A valley in Perthshire, near Callander; formerly a royal forest. See Map.

6. **Benvoirlich.** A mountain, nearly 3200 ft. high, rising on the north of Glenartney.

7. Deep-mouth'd bloodhound's, i.e. with a deep voice. Cp. *Vision of Don Roderick*, iii., 'The *deep-mouthed* bell of vespers toll'd,' and Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, II. iv. 12, 'Between two dogs, which hath the *deeper mouth*.'

II. 3. Antler'd monarch. Cp. Thomson, *Autumn*, I. 427, "the branching monarch of the shades." Antler'd, see Glossary.

5—8. Compare *Lord of the Isles*, V. iv. 17–19,

"Like deer that, rousing from their lair,
Just shake the dewdrops from their hair
And toss their armed crests aloft;"

and Somerville, *The Chase*, III. 405,

"The royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head, the copse
Beneath his antlers bends."

8. Beam'd frontlet. Forehead crested with horns. The 'frontlet' is properly anything worn on the forehead. The beam is the main stem of a stag's horn from which the branches or 'tines' spring. A stag's horns are not usually sufficiently developed to have a beam till the stag is about four years old.

10. Tainted gale, i.e. gale scented by the approaching hunt. Cp. Thomson, *Autumn*, I. 363,

"The spaniel struck
Stiff by the *tainted gale*."

16. Uam-Var. "Ua-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callander, in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said by tradition to have been the abode of a giant."—Scott.

III. 1. The opening pack. The pack breaking into full cry on view of the stag. 'Opening' is used as a technical hunting term. Cp. Somerville, *The Chase*,

"The pack wide *opening* load the trembling air
With various melody."

And *Bridal of Triermain*, III. xii. 17, "...As when the hound is *opening*."

IV. 3. The cavern, where, &c. See note on II. 16.

7. Stay'd perforce, i.e. obliged to stop. Perforce=by force or necessity.

12. Bold burst, i.e. hard run without a check.

V. 4. Menteith. The district in S.-W. Perthshire watered by the

Teith. The stag is chased from Glenartney southward into the valley of the Teith and then turns westward along the Teith to the Trosachs.

6. **Moss**=morass. Cp. *moss*-trooper.

8. **Lochard or Aberfoyle.** Loch Ard is a small lake about five miles south of Loch Katrine. Aberfoyle is a village near the east end of the lake.

10. **Loch Achray,** between Loch Katrine and Loch Vennachar (see Introduction and Map). **Ben Venue** is a mountain on the southern side of Loch Katrine. Notice how 'blue' exactly describes the colour of pine-woods seen from a distance.

VI. 1. **'T were long,** i.e. it would be a long (or tedious) task.

2. **Cambus-More.** An estate about two miles from Callander. It was at this time the seat of a family of the name of Buchanan, with whom Scott stayed in 1809 while studying the scenery of the district.

4. **Ben-Ledi.** A mountain about four miles N.-W. of Callander.

5. **Bochastle's heath.** A plain between the east end of Loch Vennachar and Callander. See Map.

6. **Teith.** A tributary of the Forth rising in Loch Katrine and flowing through Achray and Vennachar. So in v. xii. 3, Scott calls it the 'daughter of three mighty lakes.'

11. **Brigg of Turk.** A bridge over the stream that comes down Glen-Finlas and joins the Teith between Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar.

VII. 2. **Scourge and steel,** i.e. whip and spur.

4. **Emboss'd,** see G.

7. **S. Hubert's breed.** '"The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all blacke, yet neuertheless, the race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours.....This kind of dogges hath bene dispersed through the counties of Heinault, Lorayne, Flanders, and Burgoyne. They are mighty of body, neuertheless their legges are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of sent, hunting chaces which are farre straggled, fearing neither water nor cold, and doe more couet the chaces that smell, as foxes, bore and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither of swiftness nor courage to hunt and kill the chaces that are lighter and swifter. The bloodhounds of this colour proue good, especially those that are cole blacke." *The noble Art of Venerie or Hunting*, Lond. 1611. 4to. p. 15.'—Scott.

VIII. 1. **That mountain high.** Ben Venue.

7. **For the death-wound,** 'When the stag turned to bay, the

ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies:—

"If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier,
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou need'st not fear."—Scott.

15. **Deep Trosachs'**, see Introduction.

21. **Chiding the rocks**, i.e. barking at them as though they were to blame for the loss of the stag. Cp. xv. 10: "chide the lingering morn," i.e. complain of its not coming more quickly.

IX. 12. I slack'd upon the banks of Seine. In 1536 James V. visited Paris in connection with negotiations then going on for his marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Vendome. While there he transferred his affections to Magdalen, daughter of the King of France, whom he married in the following spring.

15. **Woe worth the chase**, i.e. evil be to the chase. Worth here is the subjunctive or imperative of the obsolete verb *worthen* (A. S. *weorthan*) = to become.

XI. 7. Compare the description in *Rokeby*, ii. 8:

"Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splinter'd and uneven,
The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven;
Oft, too the ivy swath'd their breast,
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air,
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold."

13. **Tower which builders vain.** The tower of Babel, see Gen. xi. 1—9.

18. **Cupola or minaret.** A cupola is a dome or tower with rounded top. The word is a diminutive of the L. *cupa*, a cup. A minaret is the steeple or tower of a mosque, from a gallery near the top of which the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. A **pagod** or pagoda is an Indian temple, from Persian *but-kadah* = Idol-house.

XII. 8. Emblems of punishment and pride. The gaudy colour of the foxglove suggests pride, and the poisonous 'deadly nightshade'

punishment. Ruskin quotes the line as an example of "Scott's habit of drawing a slight *moral* from every scene—and this moral almost always melancholy."

13. **Warrior oak.** Either in allusion to the strength of the oak or, perhaps, because ships of war were made of oak. So Campbell in *Ye Mariners of England* speaks of 'thunders from her native *oak*.'

16. **Frequent flung,** i.e. frequently, often.

20. **Glist'ning streamers,** i.e. streamers, or long branches of rose and ivy, shining in the sunlight.

XIII. 3. **Breadth of brim.** 'Brim' is generally used for the edge of the water, where it meets the land. Here Scott uses it for the *surface* of the water. Cp. *Marmion*, VI. xv. 3:

"Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level *brim*,"

where, however, the word may mean the edge of the lake.

5. **Through thickets veering,** i.e. winding about in the bushes. Veer, see G.

XIV. 1. **And now, to issue from the glen,** &c. "Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees."—Scott.

3. **With footing nice,** i.e. with careful step.

13—14. Compare *Marmion*, IV. xxx. 26–8:

"The gallant Forth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold."

But here the sunset has changed the emerald to purple. 'Livelier light' perhaps, like 'living gold' (l. 9), because the lake is moving. Cp. I. xvii. 9–12.

20. **Fragments of an earlier world.** Cp. III. xxvi. 5–9.

21. **Feather'd o'er,** i.e. covered as though with feathers. Ben Venue is now entirely bare of trees except near its base.

24. **Ben-an.** A hill nearly 1800 feet high, on the north of the Trosachs.

XV. 4. **Churchman's pride.** 'Churchman' here = Church dignitary.

13. **When the midnight moon** &c., i.e. when the moon is setting. Matins were, in old times, said before sunrise.

XVI. 2. **Beshrew,** see 'shrew' in G.

7. **Yet pass we that,** i.e. let that pass (as not mattering much).

13. **Highland plunderers.**—"The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbours."—Scott.

17. i.e. If the worst befalls that can happen.

XVII. 11. Notice how the sibilants—*s*ound and *s*low—express the rippling of the waves on the shore.

16. **Lady of the Lake.** The name is given by Malory in *Morte D'Arthur*, Bk. I. ch. XXIII., to the maiden from whom King Arthur received his sword, Excalibur. Cp. Tennyson, *The Passing of Arthur:*

"King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake."

XVIII. 2. **A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace.** In Greek mythology all nature was peopled with *Nymphs* or female spirits. The *Dryads* were the Nymphs of the woods, the *Oreads* of the mountains, and the *Naiads* (Gk. *νάω*=to flow) of the rivers and fountains. They are represented in sculpture as beautiful women, crowned with rushes, and reclining against urns from which water is flowing. **The Graces** were three goddesses, called Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne, in whose gift was beauty and favour.

4. **Ardent frown.** We should rather have expected 'smile,' but the exigencies of rhyme require 'frown.'

6. **Sportive toil.** Of rowing the boat from the island to the mainland.

18. **So dear.** Rolfe conjectures 'clear,' which could easily be misread dear, but Prof. Minto says that the MS. is unmistakeably 'dear.'

XIX. 2. **Her satin snood.** The snood was a ribbon which girls in Scotland wore round their hair; when married they exchanged it for a coif or cap; cp. *virgin snood*, III. v. 26. A *satin* snood would indicate that the wearer was of good social position.

XX. 16. **Turn to prune**, i.e. to arrange the plumage of.

17. **Flutter'd and amazed.** 'Flutter'd' is probably suggested by the image of the swan.

20. **Wont to fly**=are wont to fly. Wont is either past tense or past part. of verb to *won*. See G.

XXI. 1. **Middle age.** James V. was born in 1512 and died in 1542, so that he could not have been more than twenty-nine at this time. **Signet sage**=stamp or mark of wisdom.

17. **Slighting the pretty need he showed**, i.e. making light of the trifling need of which he spoke.

XXII. 4. **wilder'd**=bewildered.

8. **A couch was pull'd**, i.e. the heather was pulled to form your couch. See xxxiii. 1–2.

10. **Ptarmigan and heath-cock.** Ptarmigan—a kind of grouse found in the mountain districts of Scotland. In *Marmion* Scott calls it 'the snowy ptarmigan' because at certain seasons its plumage is nearly white. Cp. II. xxv. 7–8. Heath-cock or black-cock is the male of the black grouse which is common in Scotland.

12. **Furnish forth**=provide.

19. **Believe me, fair,** i.e. fair lady, cp. *Marmion*, V. x. 20–21:

"Thus admitted English *fair*
His inmost counsels still to share."

And Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. i. 17: 'Where *fair* is not, praise cannot mend the brow.'

XXIII. 6. **Old Allan-Bane foretold.** This power of seeing persons or events at a distance is called second-sight. It was at one time very generally believed in Scotland that certain persons had this power, and the evidence for the existence of some peculiar faculty of perception of the kind in some persons is very strong. Scott quotes, in a note, a circumstantial account of second-sight from Martin's *Description of the Western Islands*. Cp. also *Waverley*, ch. XVI. "A gifted seer who foretold, through the second sight, visitors of every description who haunted their dwelling whether as friends or foes."

12. **Lincoln green.** A cloth used for hunting dress, so called after the town where it was made.

15. **Heron plumage trim.** An indication of high, perhaps even of royal rank. Cp. the description of the Garter King-at-Arms in *Marmion*, IV. vii. 12–13:

"His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud *heron-plume.*"

XXIV. 2. **Errant-knight**, i.e. wandering knight. A knight whose business it was to "ride about redressing human wrongs."

4. **Doom'd**=destined.

5. **Emprise**=enterprise, used especially of the enterprises of knights-errant. Cp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene:* 'In brave pursuit of chivalrous *emprise.*'

XXV. 11. **Here for retreat**, &c. "The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic

hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden."—Scott.

XXVI. 4–6. Prof. Minto punctuates these lines as follows:

".....readiest found;
Lopp'd off their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared."

But it seems to make the lines read more easily to take 'their boughs' as referring to 'oak and ash,' than to 'such materials.' Scott's carelessness in punctuation makes reference to his original MSS. comparatively useless in such cases as this.

20. **Idæan vine.** There is some doubt as to what plant Scott means by the Idæan vine. The red whortleberry is called *Vaccinium vitis Idæa*, but it is not a climbing plant. Ida is the name of a mountain near the site of ancient Troy, and also of a mountain in Crete.

21. **The clematis,** &c. The common clematis (*Clematis vitalba*), called also Traveller's Joy and Virgin's Bower, which has a small greenish-white flower, and grows wild in various parts of England.

23. **Every hardy plant could bear,** i.e. *that* could bear.

27. **On Heaven and on thy lady call.** Ellen keeps up the idea of a knight-errant suggested by Fitz-James.

XXVII. 13. **A target,** i.e. a targe or round shield, cp. v. xii. 10, and xv. 2.

20. **Bison's horns.** The bison is a species of wild ox found in North America; Scott probably means here the wild ox at one time found in Scotland.

26. **Garnish forth.** Cp. furnish forth, xxii. 12. Garnish, see G.

XXVIII. 9. **Took the word,** i.e. spoke in turn, replied.

14. **Ferragus or Ascabart.** Two giants famous in old romance. Ferragus, or Ferran, appears in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* as a giant forty feet high, whom Orlando slew. Ascabart or Ascapart was a giant conquered by Bevis in the mediæval romance of Bevis of Southampton. Cp. *Marmion*, Int. I. 313–14:

"Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold."

XXIX. 5. **More than kindred knew,** i.e. though their real relationship was less close. Lady Margaret, mother of Roderick Dhu, was Ellen's aunt; see II. xiii. 7. Scott originally wrote:

"To whom, though more remote her claim,
Young Ellen gave a mother's name."

11. **Such then the reverence,** &c. "The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of."—Scott.

16. **Fitz-James** = son of James, Fitz being a Norman-French patronymic (Fr. *fils*) like Scotch *Mac* (*Mac*Duff), Irish *O* (*O'*Brien), Hebrew *Bar* (*Bar*tholomew).

17. **Lord of a barren heritage,** &c. The royal authority was at this time very little respected among the powerful feudal nobles and Highland chiefs of Scotland, whose independence the Scottish kings had for generations tried unsuccessfully to restrict. James IV. had been killed at the battle of Flodden in 1513, and the succeeding years of regency had still further diminished the royal power. Cp. v. vi. 12–16. See Introduction.

XXX. 15. **Weird women we,** &c. Ellen is still keeping up the idea of the knight-errant in the enchanted hall, suggested by Fitz-James's words. 'Weird,' see G.

XXXI. 8. **In slumber dewing,** i.e. refreshing while sleeping, as the dew refreshes the fields. Cp. Shakespeare, *Richard III.* IV. i. 83, 'The golden dew of sleep,' and *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 230, 'The honey-heavy dew of slumber.'

19. **The bittern sound his drum.** The bittern is a bird that frequents marshy places. It was formerly common in England, but has become rare owing to the draining of marshes, Owing to the peculiar bellowing noise it makes, it is sometimes called 'Mire-Drum.' Goldsmith (*Deserted Village*) speaks of the "hollow-sounding bittern."

XXXII. 1. **Led the lay,** i.e. directed the song so as to make it applicable to the stranger. "A bard seldom fails to augment the effect of a premeditated song by throwing in any stanzas which may be suggested by the circumstances attending the recitation."—*Waverley*, ch. XXII.

10. **Reveillé.** The bugle-call to arouse troops or huntsmen in the morning. Fr. *réveil*=awakening.

XXXIII. 21. **They come, in dim procession led,** &c. Cp. Longfellow, *Golden Legend*, I:

> "I cannot sleep! my fervid brain
> Calls up the vanished Past again,

And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
. . . . . .
They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more."

Cp. also description of Oswald's dream in *Rokeby*, I. ii. and iii.

XXXIV—V. "Such a strange and romantic dream as may be naturally expected to flow from the extraordinary events of the past day. It might, perhaps, be quoted as one of Mr Scott's most successful efforts in descriptive poetry. Some few lines of it are indeed unrivalled for delicacy and melancholy tenderness."—*Critical Review.*

XXXV. 4. The aspens slept, i.e. the night was so still that there was not even enough breeze to shake the aspen (or trembling poplar). Aspen, see G. The first six lines of this stanza are a wonderful example of Scott's power of giving in a few lines the character of a scene. Here the scent of the flowers and the silver of the light on the water give the whole feeling of a calm summer night.

CANTO II.

Canto II. introduces the other chief characters of the story—Roderick Dhu, Douglas and Malcolm Græme—and makes clear their relation to one another. The departure of Fitz-James is followed by the triumphant return of Roderick down the lake from a raid, and the simultaneous arrival of Douglas, accompanied by Malcolm Græme. Roderick receives intelligence of the royal hunt, and scents danger of attack. Under these threatening circumstances he presses his suit for Ellen's hand, but without success. Finally Malcolm's interference brings on an unseemly fight between the rivals, and Malcolm leaves the Island, preferring to swim to shore rather than be indebted to Roderick for the loan of a boat. The Canto as a whole is perhaps the least interesting in the poem, but the description of Roderick's triumphant return is picturesque and vigorous.

I. 3, 4. Matin spring of life reviving, i.e. morning impulse of reawakening life. 'Matin'—used here as an adjective. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VI. 526, "The *matin* trumpet."

7. **A minstrel grey.** No Scottish baronial court in ancient times was complete without its minstrel, whose position was one of much distinction. See VI. xi. 5–20 for a description of the relation of the minstrel to his lord. The word 'minstrel' is derived through Fr. from late L. *ministerialis* = a retainer. Allan-Bane may be compared with the Last Minstrel in the *Lay*, who looks back to the time when

"High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay
His unpremeditated lay."

II. 4. **Tracks the shallop's course in light**, i.e. marks out with a line of light the course of the boat.

8. **Good speed the while**, i.e. may prosperity attend you as you go. Good speed probably = God speed. 'Speed' and 'while,' see G.

13. **Where beauty sees the brave resort.** Compare Milton, *L'Allegro:*

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms."

III. 1—5. Compare the similar pictures of Highlanders longing for home in *Marmion*, Int. III. 137:

"Yon weatherbeaten hind...
Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak."

And in *Marmion*, III. ix. 11–18. Compare also Scott's remark to Washington Irving that if he did not see the heather for a year he thought he should die.

III. 8. **Thy hap ere while**, i.e. what happened to thee formerly.

17. **Kindred worth**, i.e. worth in adversity like (or *akin* to) thine.

IV. 6–20. The picture of the aged harper aroused the admiration even of Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, who said that it was "touched with the hand of a true poet."

11. **As** = as if, so also in l. 19.

V. 4. **Lead forth his fleet**, i.e. of ducks.

11. **Parting** = departing.

VI. 28. **The Græme**—"The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three

of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals—Sir John the Græme the friend of Wallace, the Marquis of Montrose and John Græme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee."—Scott. The Græme country lies south of the valley of the Teith and so adjoins the district supposed to belong to Clan Alpine. See note on xxvi. 20.

31. **In hall and bower**, i.e. among warriors and ladies. The hall in a castle was the men's headquarters, while 'bower' is generally used in poetry for the ladies' apartments.

VII. 18. **Saint Modan.** A Scottish abbot of the seventh century. "I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound."—Scott.

VIII. 8. **Bothwell's banner'd hall.** Bothwell Castle on the Clyde, near Glasgow, one of the chief seats of the Douglas family. The sixth Earl of Angus (Archibald Bell-the-Cat) had been compelled by the king to take it in exchange for his castle The Hermitage. See *Marmion*, v. xiv. 13–17:

> "The same who left the dusky vale
> Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,
> Its dungeons and its towers,
> Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
> And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
> To fix his princely bowers."

9. **Douglasses, to ruin driven.** See Introduction.

IX. 6. **From Tweed to Spey**, i.e. from one end of Scotland to the other. The Spey, rising in Inverness-shire and flowing through Banffshire, is the largest river in the North of Scotland.

13. **In native virtue great**, i.e. great by the virtue, or valour, natural to him. Cp. *Marmion*, III. xiii. 1, 'High minds of *native* pride and force.'

15–18. i.e. Douglas surrendered no more than the oak, whose leaves the storm may rend away, but whose trunk stands unmoved.

X. 6. **Thrill'd to a tear**, i.e. became so *thrilling* as to cause him to shed a tear. Thrill, see G.

16. **Lady of the Bleeding Heart.** The Bleeding Heart is the crest of the Douglas family. The origin of the crest was Robert Bruce's commission, on his death-bed, to Lord James Douglas to take his heart to the Holy Land. Douglas started, with the heart in a casket, but

died fighting against the Saracens in Spain. The heart was rescued and buried at Melrose Abbey.

XI. 6. **Strathspey.** A kind of Highland dance common in Scotland, called after the 'strath' or valley of the Spey, where it originated. The name does not appear to have been actually used till the eighteenth century.

13. **Clan Alpine.** The Macgregor Clan claimed descent from Alpine (see note on xviii. 12). The claim was first put forward in a genealogy in 1562. See Introduction.

14. **Loch Lomond.** A large lake 23 miles long and 5 miles wide at its broadest point, lying south-west of Loch Katrine. At its southern end it is studded with islands, one of which, Inch-Cailliach, was the burial-place of Clan-Alpine, see III. viii. 13.

16. **Lennox foray.** A foray into the district south of Loch Lomond owned by the Lennox family.

XII. 5. **In Holy-Rood a knight he slew.** See v. v. 23–4 and vi. 4–14. "This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in Scotland." —Scott. Holy Rood (i.e. Holy Cross) is the name of the royal palace in Edinburgh.

13. **Like a stricken deer.** A wounded deer is said to be generally driven away by the rest of the herd, who will attack it if it comes near them. Cp. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II. i. 50–53.

14. **Disown'd by every noble peer.** "The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate that, numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grieve* (i.e. Reeve or Bailiff)."—Scott.

20. **Dispensation sought, &c.** Roderick could soon get a dispensation from Rome to allow him to marry Ellen. A dispensation was a licence from the Pope allowing some act that would otherwise be against Church law. As Roderick and Ellen were cousins a dispensation would be needed for their marriage. Such dispensations could generally be obtained without difficulty for a money payment.

XIII. 15. **Maronnan's cell.** "The parish of Kilmaronock, at the

eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a *cell* or chapel, dedicated to S. Maronock, or Marnock, or Maronnan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered."—Scott.

XIV. 4. **Bracklinn's thundering wave.** "This is a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keltie, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callander, in Menteith."—Scott.

5. **Save**=save (i.e. except) when.

28. **Shadowy plaid, and sable plume**, i.e. his dark plaid and black plume. Roderick Dhu=Roderick *the Black*.

XV. 1. **Woe the while**=woe be to the time.

4. **For Tine-man forged**, &c. "Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of TINE-MAN, because he *tined*, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished, as every reader must remember, in the bloody battle of Homildon-hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle, that it was called the *Foul Raid*, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beaugé, in France; but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernoil, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, A.D. 1424."—Scott.

5. **What time**=at the time when. Cp. Daniel iii. 5, "What time ye hear," &c.

7. **Self-unscabbarded.** "The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time." Scott adds the following story in illustration: "A young nobleman, of high hopes and fortune, chanced to lose his way in the town which he inhabited, the capital, if I mistake not, of a German province. He had accidentally involved himself among the narrow and winding streets of a suburb, inhabited by the lowest order of the people, and an approaching thunder-shower determined him to ask a short refuge in the most decent habitation that was near him. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall

man, of a grisly and ferocious aspect, and sordid dress. The stranger was readily ushered to a chamber, where swords, scourges and machines, which seemed to be implements of torture, were suspended on the wall. One of these swords dropped from its scabbard, as the nobleman, after a moment's hesitation, crossed the threshold. His host immediately stared at him with such a marked expression, that the young man could not help demanding his name and business, and the meaning of his looking at him so fixedly. 'I am,' answered the man, 'the public executioner of this city; and the incident you have observed is a sure augury that I shall, in discharge of my duty, one day cut off your head with the weapon which has just now spontaneously unsheathed itself.' The nobleman lost no time in leaving his place of refuge; but, engaging in some of the plots of the period, was shortly after decapitated by that very man and instrument."

17. **Beltane game.** Beltane was the name of a Celtic festival celebrated on or about the 1st of May with bonfires and dances. Cp. *Lord of the Isles*, I. viii. "The shepherd lights his *beltane* fire." The origin of the festival, and the derivation of the name are both uncertain.

25. **Canna.** The Cotton-grass. Gaelic *Canach.*

XVI. 5. **Glengyle.** A glen at the west end of Loch Katrine.

7. **Brianchoil.** A promontory on the North shore of Loch Katrine.

8. **Cast.** To cast, in nautical language, means to turn a ship so as to bring the side towards the wind.

10. **Sir Roderick's banner'd pine**, i.e. the banner with a picture of a pine on it. The pine, the badge of Clan Macgregor, probably originated in a play upon the name Al*pine*.

13. **Tartans brave**, i.e. gay, brightly coloured, the original meaning of 'brave.' Cp. Scotch '*Braw*.' Tartan, see G.

15. **Bonnets**, i.e. caps, such as Highlanders wear.

18. **Smoke**, i.e. spray looking like smoke.

21. **Their loud chanters.** The chanter of a bagpipe is the pipe on which the tune is played. The 'streamers' of coloured ribbon are usually attached, not to this pipe, but to the smaller pipes called 'drones' which play one note each as a kind of accompaniment to the tune.

XVII. 8. **The clan's shrill Gathering**, i.e. the tune used to summon the clan to battle. "Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march, then gradually quicken into the onset, run off with noisy confusion and turbulent rapidity to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a

few flourishes of triumphant joy, and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."—Dr Beattie, quoted by Scott.

11. **Thick beat the rapid notes**, i.e. in quick succession. Cp. I. ii. 12:

"The cry,
That *thicken'd* as the chase drew nigh."

XVIII. 9. **Wild cadence.** Cadence is properly the 'fall' of the voice at the end of a tune. It is used here for the rhythm or measure of the tune.

12. **Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!**=O Roderick Son of Alpine. Vich=*mhic*, vocative of Gaelic *mac*=son; ho! iro! are mere interjections, probably to give the time to the rowers. Alpine was a Scottish king who is said to have subdued the Picts in the ninth century. His son Kenneth MacAlpine is said to have been the first king who ruled over all Scotland. Scott says: "Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. But besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu*, 'black,' or *roy*, 'red'; sometimes from size, as *beg*, 'little,' or *more*, 'great.' Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu therefore signifies 'Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.'

"The song itself is intended as an imitation of the *jorrams*, or boat songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those that were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat."

XIX. 12. **At Beltane**, i.e. in May, see note on II. xv. 17.

18. **Menteith and Breadalbane.** Menteith is the valley of the Teith; Breadalbane is the name of the district between Loch Lomond and the north of Loch Tay.

XX. 1. **Glen Fruin.** A valley at the southern end of Loch Lomond. The ruins of the Castle of Bannochar or Benuchara stand at the entrance of the Glen. Glen Luss and Ross-dhu are in the same district. In a note Scott gives an account of a ferocious contest which took place in Glen Fruin between the Macgregors and the Colquhouns

in 1602, about seventy years after this time. The victory of the Macgregors was followed by such barbarities that the widows of the slaughtered Colquhouns appeared before James VI. (afterwards James I. of England) at Stirling, bearing the bloody shirts of their husbands; and a determined attempt was made by government to destroy or break up the Macgregor clan, whose very name was for a time proscribed.

8. **-Leven-glen.** The glen connecting the south of Loch Lomond with the Clyde.

13. **The rose-bud that,** &c., i.e. Ellen, for whose marriage with Roderick the song expresses a wish. The wish is rather out of harmony with the general character of the song.

XXII. 12. **An hero's eye that weep'd.** As the *h* of hero is aspirated the usual form would be '*a* hero.' 'Weep'd' is a form coined by Scott for the sake of rhyme.

XXIII. 1. **Allan, with wistful look,** &c. The contrast between Roderick's triumphant landing and Douglas' almost unnoticed return reminds him of his master's changed condition.

15. **Percy's Norman pennon.** The flag of Earl Percy was captured by the Earl of Douglas in 1388. The battle of Otterbourne, celebrated in the Ballad of Chevy Chase, grew out of the attempt of Hotspur to recover it. The House of Angus, founded by a younger brother of the Earl, succeeded to the possessions of the older branch when it became extinct under James III.

22. **The waned crescent own'd my might.** The incident referred to is the attempt of the Laird of Buccleuch, in 1526, to take the young king from the guardianship of the Earl of Angus which resulted in the defeat of Buccleuch by Angus at the battle of Melrose. The arms of the Scotts of Buccleuch were a star of six points between two crescents. Cp. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. xix. 16:

"Exalt the Crescent and the Star."

24. **Blantyre.** A priory on the bank of the Clyde opposite Bothwell Castle.

31. **Out-beggars all I lost,** i.e. makes all I lost seem worthless by comparison.

XXIV. 12. **Though unhooded.** Hawks were usually carried with hoods over their heads to prevent them from seeing. They were 'unhooded' before being let loose on the prey.

XXV. 3. **Belted plaid,** i.e. plaid thrown over the shoulder and fastened round the waist with a belt.

8. **Ptarmigan in snow.** See note on I. xxii. 10.

13. **Wing'd with fear.** "Fear added wings to his feet." Virgil.

15. **Ben Lomond.** The highest of the mountains on the shores of Loch Lomond; nearly 3200 feet high.

16. **not a sob,** &c., i.e. without panting or getting out of breath. Cp. I. vii. 5, "every gasp with *sobs* he drew."

XXVI. 11. **Glenfinlas.** The valley on the west of Ben-Ledi, the entrance to which is between Loch Achray and Vennachar. It is the scene of Scott's Poem, *Glenfinlas*; *or Lord Ronald's Coronach.*

14. **Though still a royal ward,** i.e. Malcolm was under age and so under the guardianship of the king. He would be liable to the confiscation of his estate for assisting or communicating with an outlaw.

20. **Strath-Endrick.** The valley drained by a stream called the Endrick, which flows into Loch Lomond on the south-east. Near the mouth of the Endrick is Buchanan Castle, the seat of the Duke of Montrose, the head of one branch of the Grahams.

XXVII. 12. **Banquet made,** i.e. finished.

XXVIII. 11. **The King's vindictive pride.** "In 1529, James V. made a convention at Edinburgh for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license of his minority, and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitances. Accordingly, he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick Forest, where he hanged, over the gate of his own castle, Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the king, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot. The effect of this severity was such, that, as the vulgar expressed it, 'the rushbush kept the cow,' and 'thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the king had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick Forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the King as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife.'—*Pitscottie's History*, p. 153."—Scott.

19. **Loud cries their blood**, i.e. for vengeance. Cp. Gen. iv. 10, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

Meggat's mead. The meads or meadows along the banks of the Meggat, a tributary of the Yarrow. The Ettrick and the Yarrow flow through Selkirkshire and join the Tweed near Selkirk. The Teviot is another Border stream, which joins the Tweed near Kelso.

34. **Your counsel, in the streight I show**, i.e. give me your advice in the difficult circumstances of which I tell you. Streight, see G.

XXIX. 16. **Royal bolt**, i.e. thunderbolt.

XXX. 8. **To wife**, i.e. as my wife. Cp. Mark xii. 23, 'The seven had her *to wife*,' so 'to my aid' = as my aid.

10. **Enow** = enough.

14. **The Links of Forth.** The district between Stirling and Alloa where the Forth winds much. Links = windings (cp. German *lenken* = to bend).

XXXI. 8. **Startler** = one who is startled. A word apparently coined by Scott from the verb to *startle*, frequentative of *start*.

19. **Crossing terrors**, i.e. conflicting terrors. She feared for her father's safety, and yet feared to accept Roderick's proposal in order to avert it.

XXXIII. 8. **nighted** = benighted.

18. **Chequer'd shroud**, i.e. the tartan that was worn across the breast.

XXXIV. 11. **Lesson I so lately taught.** See xv. 16—20.

19. **Griped to**, i.e. griped towards, tried to grip or seize.

23. **I hold the first**, &c. Scott adds on the last page of the Second Edition—"The author has to apologize for the inadvertent appropriation of a whole line from the tragedy of *Douglas*—'I hold the first that strikes my foe.'"

26. **Deem'd the spoil**, i.e. regarded as the prize.

XXXV. 7. **Rest safe till morning.** "Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter that could be thrown upon him."—Scott.

15. **His henchman.** "This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking bouts he stands behind his seat, at his *haunch*, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron."—*Letters from Scotland*, quoted by Scott. This derivation is doubtful. See 'Henchman' in G.

16. **Safe-conduct.** A passport or warrant of safety. Cp. *Marmion*, VI. xiii. 4, 5:

"He had *safe-conduct* for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand."

29, 30. To whatever refuge Ellen and Douglas withdrew (see xxix. 22—3) Malcolm would find them.

XXXVI. 5. **Fiery Cross.** See note on III. i. 18.

9. **Far up the lake**, i.e. away from the Clan-Alpine district, which fringed the eastern shore of the lake.

XXXVII. 4. **Could I point**, i.e. point out. Perhaps a shortened form of appoint. Cp. Hall, *Satires*, v. 1:

"Go! bid the banns and *point* the bridal day."

12. **Like hunted stag.** See xxix. 24. The simile is perhaps suggested by the picture of the stag in Canto I. viii. 15—21.

25. **Cormorant.** A sea-bird common around the coasts of Britain and throughout Northern Europe. The name is derived through Fr. from L. *corvus marinus* = sea-crow.

CANTO III.

Canto III. is almost entirely occupied with the consecration and progress of the Fiery Cross, and the gathering of the Clan at Lanrick Mead in obedience to its summons. The interruption of the main plot for the purpose of giving a long description of an ancient Highland custom would be an artistic mistake in a prose story, but cannot reasonably be objected to in a poem, where the plot is, or should be, subsidiary to scenery and incident (see Introduction). The whole Canto is full of vigorous pictures, those of dawn on Lock Katrine (Stanza ii), of Brian's youth (Stanzas vi–vii) and of the progress of the Fiery Cross (xiii–xxiv), being perhaps the most notable. The three songs are not in Scott's best manner.

I. 2. **Our infancy**, i.e. us in our infancy. So 'boyhood' in l. 3.

3. **Legends store.** Store is here used as an adjective. Cp. I. xxvii. 15, "arrows store."

16. **Kindred banner**, i.e. the banner of the clan.

18. **Fiery Cross.** "When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the

Fiery Cross, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At the sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745–6 the Fiery Cross often made its circuit, and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours."—Scott. Macaulay mentions its use in 1689, before Killiecrankie. (*Hist. Eng.* iii. 355.)

II. 1. Ruskin (*Modern Painters*, iii. 278–282) says of this Stanza: "The other passage I have to quote is still more interesting, because it has *no form* in it *at all* except in one word (*chalice*), but wholly composes its imagery either of colour, or of that delicate half-believed life which we have seen to be so important an element in modern landscape. Two more considerations are, however, suggested by this passage. The first, that the love of natural history, excited by the continual attention now given to all wild landscape, heightens reciprocally the interest of that landscape, and becomes an important element in Scott's description, leading him to finish down to the minutest speckling of the breast, and slightest shade of attributed emotion, the portraiture of birds and animals. Compare carefully the second and third Stanzas of Canto VI. of *Rokeby*. The second point I have to note is Scott's habit of drawing a slight *moral* from every scene, and that this slight moral is almost always melancholy. Here he has stopped short without entirely expressing it—

"'The mountain-shadows * *
* * * * lie
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.'

His completed thought would be that those future joys, like the mountain-shadows, were never to be attained."

17. **Flecked.** Pronounced 'fleckèd' for metrical purposes. See G.

20. **Good-morrow.** Morrow originally meant 'morning.' Cp. the use of 'eve' for the day preceding, as in Christmas-*eve*.

21. **Cushat dove.** Ring-dove, see G.

III. 8. **The ritual to prepare,** see note on i. 18.

10. **Antiquity,** i.e. ancient tradition.

IV. 2. **Juniper and rowan.** The mountain ash, or rowan, was supposed to possess certain magical properties.

6. **Frock and hood.** The long robe, with a hood, worn by a monk.

10. **Scars of frantic penance,** i.e. scars of wounds self-inflicted as penances.

14. **Benharrow.** A mountain on the east of the head of Loch Lomond.

16. **But Druid's, from the grave released,** i.e. his appearance was like that of an ancient Druid. The Druids were the priests of the old Celtic religion, and are said to have offered human sacrifices in their worship.

21. **Hallow'd creed gave only worse,** &c., i.e. his Christian belief only served to make his curses more deadly and emphatic.

25. **Knew his bound,** i.e. knew the limits of the hermit's haunts.

29. **Signed the cross between,** i.e. made the sign of the cross, either between his prayers, or between himself and the hermit.

V. 1. **Of Brian's birth,** &c. Scott quotes, as the source of this legend, a story from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane.

2. **Midnight fold,** i.e. a fold where the sheep were housed at night.

9. **Knot-grass.** A plant (*Polygonum aviculare*), common in waste places, which derives its name from its habit of creeping along the ground and so tying down anything over which it grows.

14. **Field-fare.** A bird belonging to the Thrush family. It only visits England in the winter, spending the summer in more northern countries.

15. **Blind-worm.** The blind-worm (so called from the smallness of its eyes) or slow-worm is a reptile of the lizard family, common in England.

18. **Chaplet flush'd and full,** i.e. flushed with colour (purple) and in full bloom.

32. **Unconfess'd,** i.e. without having made confession and received absolution. Cp. *Marmion*, Int. 1. 267:

"A sinful man, and *unconfess'd*."

VI. 1. **Compeers**, Companions of the same age.

16. **Unclasp'd the sable-lettered page**, i.e. opened to him the art of reading. The earliest printed books were printed in 'black letter' type (heavy type of uniform thickness).

VII. 1. **The desert gave him visions wild.** Scott, in a note, says that he has tried in this stanza to trace the probable effects that a belief in the story of his supernatural birth would have on the person to whom it related. The River-Demon or river-horse is the 'Kelpy' of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, who was supposed to frequent Highland lakes and rivers. The 'noon-tide hag' (Gaelic *Glaslich*) is a gigantic emaciated female figure supposed to haunt the district of Knoidart. A goblin, dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called *Lhamdearg* or Red-hand, is supposed to frequent the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurcus; and the imagination of the Highlanders peopled solitary places with many other ghastly and malignant spirits.

VII. 13. **Seer**, literally 'one who sees'; applied generally to men who had the power to foresee future events.

20. **Fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream.** "Many great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a domestic spirit, or Ben-Shie (Gaelic *Bean-sidhe* = woman-fairy), attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster."—Scott. A similar superstition is common in Ireland.

21. **Sounds, too, had come**, &c. "A presage of the kind alluded to in the text is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity." Scott also quotes, from Clarke's *Survey of the Lakes*, an account of a similar apparition of horsemen, seen on the side of Southfell Mountain.

27. **He girt his loins.** A Biblical expression for preparing to start on a journey. It refers to the fastening up of the long garment round the loins so as to be able to walk more easily.

VIII. 11. **A cubit's length in measure due**, i.e. an accurately measured cubit's length. A cubit is about 18 inches, supposed to be the length from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger.

13. **Inch-Cailliach.** An island at the southern end of Loch Lomond, still used as a burial-ground of the Macgregor Clan.

IX. 7. **He ne'er shall mingle with their dust.** "The High-

landers are as jealous of their rights of sepulture as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if clanship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. 'May his ashes be scattered on the water,' was one of the deepest and most solemn imprecations which they used against an enemy."—Scott.

14. **strook.** Old form of struck. Cf. Milton, *Hymn on the Nativity:*

"Such music sweet...
As never was by mortal finger *strook.*"

X. 15. **Volumed flame,** i.e. flame in volume, or thick.

21. **Goss-hawk's whistle.** The gos-hawk or *goose*-hawk is a species of hawk common in various parts of Europe.

23. **Childhood's babbling trill.** The children's curses are intended to give the climax to the scene.

31. **Coir-Uriskin,** see note on III. xxv. 22.

33. **Beala-nam-bo.** 'The pass of the cattle,' so called because the cattle taken in Lowland forays were driven through it into the district of the Trosachs, is a glade on the slope of Ben-Venue, close to the edge of Loch Katrine.

XI. 13—24. Compare the Abbot's curse in *The Lord of the Isles,* II. xxviii. 9—28.

24. **This sign,** i.e. the cross.

XII. 5. **Muster-place be Lanrick mead.** Muster-place = place of assembly. Muster, see G. Lanrick mead is an open space or *meadow* on the north-west shore of Loch Vennachar. See Map.

6. **Instant the time,** i.e. the assembly to take place instantly, or immediately.

7. **Heath-bird** = grouse.

XIII. 1. **Dun deer's hide.** Scott quotes the following description of Highland shoes from a letter addressed by a Highlander to Henry VIII. quoted in Pinkerton's *History.* "We go a-hunting, and after that we have slain red-deer, we flay off the skin by-and-by, and setting of our bare-foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play the cobblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ankles, pricking the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repass where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ankles. So, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your

grace's dominions of England, we be called *Roughfooted Scots.*" *Pinkerton's History*, vol. ii. p. 397. Cf. *Marmion*, v. v. 17—18:

"The hunted red-deer's undress'd hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied."

10. **Questing hound**, i.e. hound in search of game.

XIV. 10. **Dirk and brand.** The Highlander's equipment consisted of a claymore or sword, a dirk or dagger, and a targe or shield.

XV. 2. **Duncraggan's huts.** Duncraggan is a farm near the Brigg of Turk and Lanrick mead.

7. **As stoops the hawk.** The technical expression for the action of a hawk swooping down on his prey.

22. **Dismal Coronach.** "The *Coronach* of the Highlanders, like the *Ululatus* of the Romans, and the *Ululoo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death. The Coronach has for some years past been superseded at funerals by the use of the bagpipe; and that also is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse."—Scott.

XVI. 15. **In flushing**, i.e. in full bloom.

23. **Like the bubble on the fountain.** Notice how the redundant syllable, bringing into prominence an unmusical word (bubble), mars this line.

XVII. 1. **Stumah** = Faithful. The name of a dog.

XVIII. 28. **The orphan's God.** See Ps. lxviii. 5.

XIX. 1. **Benledi saw the Cross of Fire**, &c. "Inspection of the provincial map of Perthshire, or any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chieftain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine; a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, nor least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

"The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Vennachar. From thence, it passes towards Callander, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is consigned to Norman at the chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombea and

Arnandave, or Armandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnaig, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strath-Gartney."—Scott. Strath-Ire is really at the Northern end of Loch Lubnaig. See Map.

7. **Teith's young waters.** The waters of the Teith near their source.

9. **Graced the sable strath with green,** i.e. ornamented the dark valley with the green of its trees. A good example of Scott's habit of noting colour rather than form.

10. **Chapel of St Bride.** The churchyard and a few ruins of the Chapel still remain on the shore of Loch Lubnaig. S. Bride or S. Bridget was an Irish saint of the Fifth Century.

14. **Sympathetic eye,** i.e. eye that grew dizzy with the dizzy motion of the water.

XX. 6. **Bridal.** Properly the *bride-ale* or wedding banquet. Here used for the wedding procession.

8. **Coif-clad dame,** see note on I. xix. 2.

11. **Unwitting why,** i.e. without knowing why.

12. **Shrilly**=shrill, the extra syllable being added for metrical purposes. Cf. 'steepy' in xiii. 5.

13—16. Cf. Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*:

> "The bride hath paced into the hall,
> Red as a rose is she;
> Nodding their heads before her goes
> The merry minstrelsy."

18. **Kerchief's snowy band.** The kerchief or *curch* or *coif*, which she would now be wearing for the first time. See note on I. xix. 2.

XXII. 8. **Lubnaig's lake.** A lake about four miles long, at the foot of Ben Ledi. One of the tributaries of the Teith, the Leny, rises here.

10. **Sickening pang of hope deferred.** Cp. Proverbs xiii. 12, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'

XXIV. 2. **Balquhidder, speeds the midnight blaze.** Balquhidder is a village in Strath-Ire. The 'Braes of Balquhidder' are a range of hills on the north side of Loch Voil. Scott explains, in a note, that the heather on the Scottish hills is sometimes set fire to, in order to encourage the growth of young herbage for the sheep, and that the appearance of the burning heather at night is "similar almost to the discharge of a volcano." Note the touches of colour in ll. 5—6.

10. **Sullen margin of Loch Voil.** Loch Voil and Loch Doine are

two lovely lakes several miles north of Loch Katrine, connected by the Balvaig with Loch Lubnaig. 'Sullen' is used here in its original sense of 'solitary.' (O.Fr. *solain* from L. *solus*=alone.)

14. **Strath-Gartney.** The name of the northern shore of Loch Katrine.

27. **Rendezvous**, place of assembly. From Fr. *rendez-vous*, imperative of *se rendre*, to betake oneself or go.

31. **No oath, but by his chieftain's hand.** "The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. But for oaths in the usual form they are said to have had little respect."—Scott.

XXV. 7. Rednoch courts. Rednoch, Cardross and Duchray were castles in the Forth valley, south of Roderick's territory.

10. **Loch Con** lies south of Loch Katrine and forms one of the sources of the Forth.

11. **Wot ye**=do you know? Wot, see G.

13. **Repair**=go. See G.

16. **A fair, though cruel pledge**, i.e. Ellen, who seemed to Roderick cruel in rejecting his suit. 'Pledge' is used here in the sense of something left for safe keeping. Cp. IV. iii. 23.

22. **Coir-nan-Uriskin.** "This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks....The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the wild or shaggy men. Perhaps this may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the *Urisk*, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man; in short, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr. 'The *Urisks*,' says Dr Graham, 'were a sort of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess, but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in the cave of Benvenue.'—*Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire.*"—Scott. Compare with Dr Graham's description Milton, *L'Allegro*, 105–114.

The 'Grecian Satyrs' were a race of demi-gods, attendants of Bacchus, who lived in dens in the woods. They are represented with the horns and legs of a goat and the body and face of a man. The 'Goblin Cave'

is now little more than a small cavity in a heap of rocks on the hill-side, but there may at one time have been a cavern there.

XXVI. 9. Incumbent = overhanging.

28. **For a space** = for a time.

29. **Grey superstition**, i.e. superstition grey with age.

31. **Fays** = fairies. The 'mystic maze' is the fairy dance.

XXVII. 22. Each warrior was a chosen man. Scott says, in a note, that every Highland chief had a body-guard, consisting of men picked from his clan for strength, activity and entire devotion to his person. See *Waverley*, ch. XVI., for a description of a Highland chief "with his tail on" (i.e. with his full retinue).

XXVIII. 13. Like restless ghost. Ghosts are often supposed to haunt the places where their treasure is concealed.

XXIX. 1. Ave Maria = Hail, Mary. See Luke i. 28. "The metrical peculiarity of this hymn is, that the rhymes of the even lines of the first quatrain (or set of four lines) are taken up as those of the odd lines in the second, and that they are the same in all three stanzas."—Taylor.

11. **Down of eider.** The eider is a species of wild duck, the feathers of which form a particularly soft down.

17. **Stainless styled**, i.e. thou who art called stainless. Stainless = Immaculate, a title frequently applied to the Virgin Mary.

XXXI. 1. Various scene, i.e. varied scene. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xii. 52, 53: "He.....in derision sets
Upon their tongues a *various* spirit."

13. **Eagle plume.** The sign of Chieftainship. Cp. *Marmion*, v. v. 15–16; "Of taller race, the Chiefs they own
Were by the *eagle's plumage* known."

CANTO IV.

Canto IV. opens with Brian's augury and prediction of victory to the party who 'spills the foremost foeman's life.' Then the scene shifts to the Goblin's cave, where Douglas has left Ellen in the care of Allan Bane, who tries in vain to soothe her anxiety at her father's departure. Fitz-James, who has returned to try to persuade Ellen to fly with him to Stirling, now appears, and learns Ellen's secret, and also the danger he is incurring. After giving her a ring, which will ensure her the royal favour, he sets out on his return. Meeting on the way a crazed Lowland maid, the victim of one of Roderick's raids, he learns of the ambush

lying in wait for him; and after slaying his treacherous guide, and so unconsciously fulfilling Brian's prediction, he takes refuge in the brake till evening. At nightfall he journeys on till he comes face to face with a Highlander sitting by a watchfire, who, in spite of Fitz-James' avowed hostility to Roderick, gives him food and shelter.

The Ballad of Alice Brand should be noticed, as a very successful attempt to catch the style and rhythm of the old Ballads. The incantations with which the Canto opens are rather wearisome, but the concluding stanzas (xx.—xxxi.) are vigorous and good. Fitz-James' meeting with Blanche of Devan brings into prominence the ruthless character of Roderick's raids, and justifies Fitz-James' resolve for revenge. Blanche's warning song is condemned by Jeffrey as a clumsy and unnatural episode, and "a rash extension of the privileges of the maniacs of poetry." Scott probably intended to imply that the sight of a Lowland dress awakened in Blanche a measure of sanity, and a desire to save its wearer. A sane person would probably have warned him in prose, but a warning conveyed in a song would be less likely to catch the attention of the guide, especially as Blanche began with a verse probably already familiar to him.

I. 5. **Wilding rose.** Wilding is properly a substantive meaning a wild plant: so Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, III. vii. 17: "Oft from the forest *wildings* he did bring." Here it is used as an adjective. Cp. Shelley, *Queen Mab:* "Thine are these early *wilding* flowers."

II. 1. **Fond conceit.** The original meaning of 'fond' is 'foolish.' Here it means either 'trivial' or 'loving.' Conceit = a thing conceived, or thought.

III. 6. **Doune.** A village on the bank of the Teith, about halfway between Callander and Stirling; the castle was a stronghold of the Earls of Moray, but is now in ruins. The Braes of Doune lie between Doune and Callander.

7. **Princely powers** = an army worthy of a prince. 'Powers' is often used by Shakespeare in this sense, e.g. 'Enter the two kings with their *powers*.'

16. **Caused repair**, i.e. caused to repair.

IV. 9. **The Taghairm called.** "The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm* [from '*targair*,' to foretell], mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation,

where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits who haunt the desolate recesses."—Scott.

13. **The choicest of the prey**, &c. "I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland Kern or Ketteran, as they are called. He used to narrate the merry doings of the good old time when he was follower of Rob Roy MacGregor. This leader, on one occasion, thought proper to make a descent upon the lower part of the Loch Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the Kirk of Drymen, to pay him black-mail, i.e. tribute for forbearance and protection. As this invitation was supported by a band of thirty or forty stout fellows, only one gentleman, an ancestor, if I mistake not, of the present Mr Graham of Gartmore, ventured to decline compliance. Rob Roy instantly swept his land of all he could drive away, and among the spoil was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed, whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the Ketterans. 'But ere we had reached the Row of Dennan,' said the old man, 'a child might have scratched his ears.'"—Scott.

Gallangad is apparently somewhere in the Lennox district, but the name is not known elsewhere.

19. **Kernes.** Originally Irish light-armed troops, the heavy-armed troops being called 'Galloglach.' Cp. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I. ii. 13: "Of *Kerns* and Gallowglasses is supplied." 'Kern' afterwards became a term of reproach, equivalent to 'plunderer.' See G.

20. **Beal 'maha.** A pass on the east side of Loch Lomond. Dennan's Row, or Rowardennan, is about six miles further north on the same side of the Lake.

V. 5. **Ample verge.** Generally the *edge*, here used for the whole face of the rock.

6. **Hero's Targe.** The name of a rock in a gloomy ravine in Glenfinlas, about half-a-mile above the Brigg of Turk, and so not far from Lanrick Mead, where the clan was assembled.

7. **Shelve**=a slanting ledge of rock.

20. **While the deer is broke**, i.e. 'quartered.' "Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking*, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion, the hounds had a certain allowance, and, to make the

division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. 'There is a little gristle,' says Turbervill, 'which is upon the spoone of the brisket, which we call the raven's bone; and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer.'"—Scott.

VI. 5. **Shroud of sentient clay**, i.e. covering of a mortal body capable of feeling. Clay is often used for the body as distinguished from the soul.

8. **Hair can rouse**, i.e. rise, stand erect. Cp. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, v. v. 11, 12:

"My fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise *rouse*."

25. **Which spills the foremost foeman's life**, &c. "Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party."—Scott.

VIII. 3. **Moray's silver star.** The coat of arms of the Earls of Moray has three silver stars. The Mar coat of arms has a black band across it, or, in heraldic language, a **sable pale.**

11. **Clans of Earn.** The Clans living in the valley of the Earn, a river in the north of Perthshire.

IX. 3. **Fast by**=close to. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I. 10,

"Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God."

15. **Red streamers of the north.** The Aurora-Borealis or Northern light. Cp. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, II. viii. 7, 8:

"And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north."

X. 15. **In fetters bound.** See VI. xxix. 33–7.

25. **Cambus-kenneth's fane.** The Abbey of Cambus-kenneth, about a mile from Stirling, on the other side of the Forth.

XI. 9. **beguile**, i.e. deceive.

XII. 1. "This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the *Kaempe Viser*, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1591."—Scott.

23. **Darkling**=in the dark.

XIII. 5. **Moody Elfin King.** "The *Daoine Shi'*, or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness,—a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality."—Scott.

14. **The fairies' fatal green.** "As the *Daoine Shi'*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed, from some reason which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, *green* is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties."—Scott.

16. **For thou wert christen'd man.** "The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:—

'For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They gave me that renoun.'"—Scott.

XIV. 16. **Kindly blood**, i.e. blood of thy family or *kin*. Cp. *kindly* fruits of the earth, i.e. fruits of the earth after their kind.

XV. 7. **Idle gleam**, i.e. ineffective, unable to melt the ice on which it falls. "No fact respecting fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent splendour of pleasure."—Scott.

18. **Wist I**=did I know.

32. **Dunfermline grey.** The Abbey of the Grey Friars at Dunfermline, in Fifeshire, where many Scottish kings were buried. It was founded about 1075 by Malcolm III, and is now in ruins.

XVII. 15. **Female art**, i.e. affectation or deception.

29. **Price of blood.** See Matt. xxvii. 6.

33. **If yet he is.** She fears that Malcolm may have been killed.

XVIII. 1. **Train**=devise. See G.

XIX. 11. **His lordship the embattled field, i.e.** the field of battle was the only territory over which he was lord.

23. **So hastily FitzJames shot past.** So that Allan could not warn him of his treacherous guide. Cp. xvi. 21—4.

XXII. 2. **warped and wrung**, literally = bent and twisted.

5, 6. **Allan** and **Devan** are two streams flowing through the plain of Stirling into the Forth.

XXIII. 13. **Maudlin**, an abbreviation of 'Magdalene.'

17. **Ever peasant pitch'd a bar.** 'Putting the stone' is still a favourite amusement at Highland games. See note on v. xxiii. 16–18.

XXV. 1. **The toils are pitch'd.** Toils or nets, into which the deer were driven. *Toil*, see G.

5. **A stag of ten**, i.e. having ten branches on its antlers—five on each.

XXVIII. 16. **The chase is up**, i.e. has begun, is in progress. Cp. Shakespeare, *Titus Andron.* II. i. 1, 'The hunt is up.'

XXIX. 11. **Not the summer solstice**, i.e. even the heat of mid-summer did not warm the cold night air. The 'summer solstice' (June 21st) is the time when the sun is furthest from the earth's equator, on its northern side, and so appears highest in the sky. Similarly Dec. 21st, when the sun is furthest south of the equator, is the *winter* solstice. The name is derived from Latin: *sol* = the sun and *statum* supine of *sistere* = to make to stand; and means the point where the sun is (apparently) standing still.

XXX. 16. **Hound we slip**, i.e. let loose.

18. **The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain.** To trap or shoot a fox is now regarded as unsportsmanlike, but in the Sixteenth century Fox-hunting had not become popular. Scott mentions that this illustration was used by St John, the Attorney-General, in his reply to Strafford's defence in 1641. "It was true," he said, "that we give law to the hares and deer because they are beasts of chase, but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes and wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey."

26. **Belt and spur of knight.** The sword-belt and gilded spurs that distinguished a knight.

XXXI. 2. **Harden'd flesh of mountain deer.** Venison prepared by compressing it between two batons of wood so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard.

27. **Coilantogle's ford.** At the eastern end of Loch Vennachar, where is now the sluice of the Glasgow waterworks.

CANTO V.

The earlier part of Canto v. contains perhaps the finest stanzas of the poem. The conversation between Fitz-James and his guide is much more vigorous than most of the conversations in Scott's poems. Fitz-James' expression of a wish to see Roderick and his men leads to a dramatic scene, where at the guide's whistle the glen suddenly bristles with armed men, and Roderick avows himself. Then Coilantogle Ford is reached, and here the conflict takes place. After a desperate struggle, Fitz-James is victorious and, leaving Roderick in the care of two of his squires, who appear at the summons of his horn, gallops at full speed to Stirling. The burgher sports follow rather tamely after these stirring scenes. Douglas, who has come to Stirling to surrender himself, in hopes of averting the danger threatening his friends, shows his prowess, and is recognized by the king and the people. A disturbance arises which threatens to become a riot, and Douglas is carried captive to the castle. The evening closes gloomily, amid rumours of conflict and disturbance.

Note how vividly the contrast is drawn between the noonday festivities and the evening discord.

II. 5. **Dappled sky**, i.e. sky dappled or spotted with clouds.

6. **Soldier matins**, i.e. morning prayers short and simple to suit a soldier: mutter by = mutter so as to get them over.

8. **As short and rude**, as their matins.

9. **Gael.** "The Scottish Highlander calls himself Gael, or Gaul, and terms the Lowlanders Sassenach or Saxons."—Scott.

23. **Bursting through**, i.e. as they were bursting through.

III. 13. **Heather black.** Heather looks black in the spring and autumn, when not in flower.

V. 17. **Show**, i.e. show yourself.

VI. 13. **Albany with feeble hand, &c.** The Duke of Albany, cousin of James IV., was regent from 1515 to 1523. He had been brought up in France, and his French manners and retinue made him unpopular in Scotland. He spent a large part of his time of regency in France, and allowed the royal authority to be disregarded by the Scottish nobles.

VII. 33–35. "To take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the

river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon."—*Waverley*, Ch. XVIII.

IX. 1. **Have, then, thy wish.** "This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy. The following story I can only quote from tradition, but with such assurance from those by whom it was communicated, as permits me little doubt of its authenticity. Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Cateran, or Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied *black-mail* up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About nightfall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn. The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and, in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. 'Would you like to see him?' said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. 'Stranger,' resumed the guide, 'I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause: for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unplundered and uninjured.' He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party, as suddenly as they had presented themselves."—Scott.

3. **Scream of the curlew.** The curlew is a bird belonging to the snipe family. Skeat thinks that its name originated from imitation of its shrill cry.

X. 7. **This rock shall fly.** The Earl of Athole is related to have used similar language when surprised by his enemies on the occasion of the battle of Kilblene, 1335. "He looked at a great rock which lay beside him, and swore an oath that he would not fly that day until that rock should show him the example."—Scott, *Tales of a Grandfather*, ch. XIV.

26. **Jack.** A kind of jacket, plated with metal.

XI. 16. **The reed on which you leant.** Cp. 2 Kings xviii. 21.

20. **Belted glaive,** i.e. wore a sword in his belt.

XII. 3. **Daughter of three mighty lakes, etc.** Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar. "The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman. There is, adjacent to Callender, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp."—Scott.

XIV. 10. **Carpet knight.** Either a knight who has received his knighthood kneeling on a carpet, instead of in war, or a knight who prefers luxury to battle-fields.

15. **Steels my sword,** i.e. hardens my sword for use.

XV. 5. **Train'd abroad his arms to wield.** Scott says, in a note, that the rapier supplanted the sword and buckler for duelling about the end of the sixteenth century. The Italians were the chief masters of the art of rapier fighting.

XVI. 8. **Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung, etc.** Scott refers, in a note, to a duel fought by Sir Ewan of Lochiel with an officer sent by the governor of Fort William to check his plunderings. Lochiel, who had proved himself the better swordsman, was thrown by the English officer, but escaped by fastening his teeth in the throat of his antagonist.

14. **Triple steel.** Cp. Horace, *Odes*, I. 3, 9, "Illi robur et *æs triplex* circa pectus erat."

26. **Turn the odds.** Where the chances of a game are unequal or *odd*, the *odds* or inequality is said to be in favour of one side. To 'turn the odds' is therefore to transfer the chance of victory to the other side.

XVII. 16. Four mounted squires. They had been waiting at Boscastle to conduct Fitz-James and Ellen to Stirling. See IV. xvii. 11–12.

22. **Gallants**, i.e. brave gentlemen. Gallant is also used for one who knows how to please ladies. It is usual now to distinguish gàllant (courageous) and gallánt (courtly) by the accent.

XVIII. 16. Up Carhonie's hill they flew, &c. "It may be worth noting, that the Poet marks the progress of the King by naming in succession places familiar and dear to his own early recollections—Blair-Drummond, the seat of the Homes of Kaimes; Kier, that of the principal family of the name of Stirling; Ochtertyre, that of John Ramsay, the well-known antiquary, and correspondent of Burns; and Craigforth, that of the Callenders of Craigforth, almost under the walls of Stirling Castle:—all hospitable roofs under which he had spent many of his younger days."—Lockhart.

XIX. 20. By Saint Serle. "The king himself is in such distress for a rhyme as to be obliged to apply to one of the obscurest saints in the calendar."—Jeffrey.

XX. 12. Bride of Heaven, i.e. dedicated to Heaven as a nun.

15. **That is by**, i.e. past, gone by.

18. **A Douglas by his sovereign bled.** In 1452 William Earl of Douglas was stabbed by James II. in Stirling Castle. A human skeleton, supposed to be that of the murdered man, was found during some excavations in the garden in 1797.

19. **O sad and fatal mound.** The 'heading hill' north of the castle. "Murdoch Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence they could behold their strong castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions."—Scott.

26. **Franciscan steeple.** The steeple of the Church of the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, built by James IV. in 1492 on the Castle Rock.

28. **Masquers**, i.e. players in a masque or dramatic performance.

30. **Morrice-dancers.** "The *morrice* or *moorish* dance was probably of Spanish origin; but after its introduction into England it became blended with the May-day games. One distinctive feature of the morris-dancer was the wearing bells on the heel."—Scott.

32. **The burghers hold their sports.** "Every burgh of Scotland,

of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn *play*, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or *Rex Plebeiorum*, as Lesley has latinized it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles."—Scott.

XXI. 8. **Jubilee, i.e.** rejoicing. For origin of the word (Hebrew, *Yôbel*, a blast of a trumpet) see Leviticus xxv. 9–11.

11. **Doffing.** Doff is a contraction of 'do off.'

XXII. 6. **Bold Robin Hood,** &c. 'The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing."—Scott. Maid Marion is Robin Hood's mistress; Friar Tuck his chaplain, able on occasion to use his quarterstaff; Little John, his trusted lieutenant; and Mutch, Scathelocke and Scarlet his followers. These characters all appear in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, a dramatic version of the tale of Robin Hood.

14. **In the white,** i.e. in the bull's eye of the target.

22. **Indifferent as to archer wight.** Scott says:—"The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the King's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft."

XXIII. 6. **Hugh of Larbert.** Larbert is about ten miles south of Stirling.

7. **Alloa** is on the other side of the Forth.

17. **Hurl the massive bar.** As now played, the object of 'tossing the caber' is not to hurl the bar or caber as far as possible, but to throw it so as to make it perform a complete revolution. In 'putting the stone' the object *is* to throw as far as possible.

22. **Rood** = the length of a measuring *rod* or *pole*, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards. *Rood* is now generally used for the measure of a surface equal to 40 square poles, or 1210 square yards.

XXIV. 2. **The Ladies' Rock.** A hillock overlooking the level place on the side of the Castle hill, where the games were held.

4. **Pieces broad.** "After the introduction of 'guineas' in 1663, the twenty-shillings pieces previously in circulation were called 'broad pieces' because they were broader and thinner than the new coins."—Stuart.

30. **Begirt his board**, i.e. sat round his table as guests.

XXV. 6. **Archery**, i.e. the archers.

XXVI. 4. **Menial pack.** Douglas compares them to a pack of hounds. '**On your lives**'=as you value your lives.

13. **Mis-proud**, i.e. wrongly proud, a word coined by Scott. Cp. misarray, xxvii. 1.

16. **Woman-mercy**, i.e. mercy such as a woman would show.

XXVII. 17. **Hyndford.** A village in Lanarkshire.

XXVIII. 4. **Tender free**, i.e. offer freely.

19. **Widow's mate**, i.e. the mate of some woman destined to be a widow.

XXX. 6. **Changeling.** Generally used for a child that has been substituted for another at the time of birth.

9. **Vulgar throat**, i.e. the throat of the common people (Latin, *vulgus*=common). Cp. xxxii. 15.

XXXI. 12. **Banditti.** See G.

XXXIII. 12. **Where stout Earl William was of old.** See note on **V. xx. 18.**

CANTO VI.

Canto VI. is the only Canto in the poem in which the scene is not laid in the open air. Instead of the rugged grandeur of the hills and the soft beauty of the lakes, we have the coarse vigour of the guard-room and the tinsel splendour of the Court. Ellen, who has come to seek for and save her father, enters the Court of Guard while a drunken debauch is in progress, but wins the rough soldiery by her beauty and grace, and is conducted by a squire to a bower where she may await her audience with the king. Meanwhile Allan Bane, being accorded leave to see his master, is, by mistake, guided to Roderick's prison, where he sings to the dying chief a vigorous and picturesque description of the fight of Beal' an Duine. Meanwhile Ellen is conducted by Fitz-James into the royal presence, where the Knight's identity is revealed, and Douglas and Malcolm restored to royal favour.

Jeffrey objected to the guard-room scene as the greatest blemish in

the whole poem, but a better example could scarcely be given of Scott's ability in the use of contrast than the appearance of Ellen, fresh and pure as her mountain air, among the coarse and brutal soldiers. The death of Roderick is finely conceived, and the story of the battle, though perhaps too long, is one of Scott's most effective battle-scenes, the greater variety in the metre helping to give energy to the description. It suffers somewhat from the absence of the chief characters, and the indecisive issue of the conflict.

I. 5. **Lagging dance,** i.e. dance that caused them to lag.

7. **Battled tower,** i.e. tower with battlements.

9. **Kind nurse of men.** Cp. Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV.* III. i. 5:

"O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse."

16. **Love-lorn,** i.e. lost in love: lorn, see G.

II. 5. **Narrow loop,** i.e. loophole.

9. **Comfortless alliance,** i.e. the daylight and the light of the torches blended. 'Comfortless' exactly expresses the sort of effect produced by faint daylight and torchlight shining together.

III. 1. **These drew not for their fields the sword,** &c. In the Lowlands of Scotland the feudal system prevailed, by which the vassal held his lands on terms of military service to his lord. In the Highlands the chief held a kind of patriarchal authority and was regarded as the father of his clan. Scott says, in a note, that James V. was the first to introduce a body-guard of mercenary troops into Scotland. Cp. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* IV. xviii. 2—8:

"The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, own'd no lord."

7. **Clouded,** i.e. dark complexioned.

11. **Fleming there despised the soil,** &c. Some parts of Flanders are among the most fertile lands in Europe. The Fleming would therefore despise in comparison the poor soil of Scotland.

IV. 4. **Grappled to,** i.e. moved towards their swords to grasp them: cp. 'griped to,' II. xxxiv. 19.

11. **Burden,** see G.

23. **A merry catch.** A catch or round is a song sung in parts,

where each singer in turn *catches* up the words from his predecessor. It is sometimes used, as here, for a ribald song with a chorus. Troll, see G.

V. 1. **Poule**, i.e. Paul.

3. **Black-jack.** A leathern jug for beer.

4. **Seven deadly sins.** Pride, Idleness, Gluttony, Lust, Avarice, Envy and Anger. See Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. iv. **sack**, a dry Spanish wine. (Fr. *sec* = dry.)

6. **Upsees out**, see G.

A fig for the vicar. A fig or *fico* is a sign of contempt made by putting the thumb in the mouth, or between the first and second finger. The origin is doubtful; cp. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. 48, 'I will *bite my thumb* at them, this is a disgrace to them if they bear it,' and *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. iii. 33: 'A *fico* for the phrase.'

14. **Cure** = the parish of which he has the *care*. Fr. *cure* = care. A curate formerly meant a priest who had the *care* or charge of a parish.

17. **Bully-boys**, good-fellows. Bully, see G.

VI. 24. **The leader of a juggler band.** "The jongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr Strutt on the Sports and Pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen to their masters....The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur."—Scott. Juggler, see G.

VII. 5. **Purvey them steed.** The right of *purveyance* (Fr. *pourvoir* = to provide), or compulsory purchase of provisions, &c. was one of the royal rights in Feudal times. Here the word means simply 'provide.' Cp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, v. xii. 10: "He all things did *purvey* that for them needfull weare."

13. **Pay the forester his fee.** Cp. Scott, *Doom of Devorgoil:*

> "Now give me a kiss, quoth bold Robin Hood,
> Now give me a kiss, said he,
> For there never came maid into merry Sherwood
> But she paid the forester's fee."

VIII. 12. **Merry Needwood.** A district in Staffordshire, formerly a royal forest.

20. **Injurious part**, i.e. harm.

IX. 2. **Tullibardine's house.** The family of the Murrays of Tullibardine in Perthshire.

17. **On palfrey white**, &c. Cf. *Marmion*, Int. I. 299, "Errant maid on palfrey white."

X. 3. **This ring our duties own**, i.e. our duty is to recognize this ring.

25. **In my barret-cap I'll bear.** As knights at tournament wore their ladies' favours in their helmets; 'barret-cap,' see G.

XI. 16. **We cheer his board.** The minstrel played and sang at meals.

21. **Little we reck**, &c. Cp. *Marmion*, Int. VI. 89—91:

"We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim
To Southron ear sound empty name."

XII. 8. **Wheel.** An instrument of torture on which prisoners were stretched.

16. **Unhasp**, 'loosen.' The word is not found elsewhere. The *hasp* is the socket or fastening into which a bolt fits.

21. **Garniture**, 'furniture or decoration.' See Garnish in G.

XIV. 7. **Again where ne'er**, i.e. where ne'er again. An awkward inversion.

10. **Dermid's race.** The Campbell clan, who traced their descent from Diarmid, were hereditary enemies of the Macgregors. When the Macgregors were proscribed in 1603 (see note on II. xx.) most of their territory passed to the Campbells. Scott says: "There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes as to require to hear them on their death-bed."

27. **Bore him in career along.** Cp. the description of the Aged Minstrel in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Int. to Canto I. ll. 84–98.

XV. **Battle of Beal' an Duine.** Scott quotes, from a *Sketch of the Scenery near Callander*, an account of a conflict which actually took place at this pass between Cromwell's troops and the Highlanders in 1651. In revenge for the slaughter of one of their men, the Parliamentary troops determined to plunder the island, where the women had been placed for safety, and one of them swam to the island to fetch a boat, but was at once slain by one of the women. Bealach-an-Duine lies just at the foot of Ben-an.

XVI. 5. **Barded horsemen.** Some editions read 'barbèd.'

Barded = covered with armour; used only of horses. Cp. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. xxix. 4–5:

"Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
For he was *barded* from counter to tail."

7. **No cymbal clash'd.** Cp. description of the Scottish charge at Flodden. *Marmion*, VI. xxv. 19–24.

XVII. 8. **Their flight they ply.** Most editions read 'their *plight* they ply'; but '*flight*' is the reading of the 1st edition, and makes better sense.

17. **Twilight wood.** Cp. xvi. 4. The meaning probably is that in the twilight they might be mistaken for a wood.

26. **As their Tinchel cows the game.** "A circle of sportsmen who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the *Tinchel*."—Scott. See the description of a Tinchel in *Waverley*, ch. XXIV.

XVIII. 3. **Like wave with crest,** &c. Contrast this simile with that of xvi. 19–21.

19. **For your ladies' sake,** &c. Cp. Macaulay, *Battle of Ivry:*

"Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance!"

24. **Soon make lightsome room,** i.e., probably, they quickly and *easily* make room.

29. **Refluent.** Note how the simile of a wave is kept up.

XIX. 2. **Doubling,** i.e. winding.

XX. 9. **Bonnet-pieces.** A bonnet-piece was a Scottish gold coin issued in the reign of James V., so-called because James was depicted wearing a 'bonnet' or Highland cap.

35. **Duncraggan's widow'd dame**; see III. xvi.

XXIII. 4. **Storied pane,** i.e. stained-glass windows, with *stories* illustrated on them. Cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, l. 159:

"*Storied* windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

XXIV. **Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman.** The imprisoned huntsman is apparently Malcolm Græme.

13. **My matins ring,** i.e. to make my matins ring (in his song).

14. **Vespers,** i.e. evening prayers.

XXV. 19. **Morning prime** = early morning. (L. *primus* = first.)

XXVI. 11. **Presence,** i.e. presence-chamber, court.

14. **Princely port,** i.e. person of princely bearing, or appearance.

25. **Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King.** Scott quotes, in a note, several instances of adventures that befell James V. when wandering in disguise, in some of which a similar revelation of his real position followed. See *Tales of a Grandfather*, First Series, vol. iii.

XXVII. 29. **Infidel**, i.e. unbeliever, doubter.

XXVIII. 7. **General eye**, i.e. the eye of the public.

17. **Snowdoun.** "William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun."—Scott.

XXIX. 9. **The grace of**, i.e. pardon for.

Harp of the North, farewell. Lockhart quotes a less formal farewell, addressed to the printer with the last batch of proofs: "I send the grand *finale*, and so exit the Lady of the Lake from the head she has tormented for six months."

GLOSSARY.

(Where a word is used more than once in *The Lady of the Lake*, the reference is to the first line in which it occurs.)

A. S. = Anglo-Saxon.
Fr. = French.
Gk. = Greek.
H. G. = High German.
L. = Latin.
M. E. = Middle English.
O. G. = Old German.
Scand. = Scandinavian.
Sp. = Spanish.

Affray (III. xiv. 19) = (1) alarm, (2) struggle. Fr. *effrayer* = to frighten. Low L. *exfridare*, from L. *ex* = out of, and Teutonic *Frithru* = peace. Cp. A. S. *frith*. To affray therefore means originally to put out of peace, and so to attack or frighten. Past part. 'afraid.'

Agen (II. xix. 9) = the old form of again, used in modern times only in poetry.

Aghast (III. iii. 13) = terrified. A. S. *a*, and *gǽstan* = to terrify. From same root come 'ghastly' and 'ghost.'

Amain (I. viii. 20) = with full force. A. S. prefix *a* = on or with, and main (A. S. *mægen*) = strength. Cp. Milton, *Lycidas*, 111, 'The golden opes, the iron shuts *amain*.'

Ambuscade (V. viii. 4) = a body of soldiers lying in wait, an ambush. Through Sp. from Low L. *Imbuscare*, from *In* and *boscus* = a wood, a word of Scand. origin. Cp. 'bosky.'

Anathema (III. viii. 20) = curse, esp. a curse pronounced by some Church Authority. Gk. ἀνάθεμα = a thing devoted or separated, and so a thing accursed. See Rom. ix. 3.

Antler'd (I. ii. 3) = furnished with antlers, or branching horns. The antler (O. Fr. *antoiller*) was originally the first branch of the horn. L. *ante oculum* = before the eye.

Arcade (VI. xxv. 25) = a gallery consisting of a series of arches. Fr. *arcade* from L. *arcus* = a bow.

Arraignment (v. vi. 1) = accusation. To arraign (O. Fr. *arraigner*) = to summon to court to answer an accusation. L. *ad* = to, and *rationes* = reasons, pleadings.

Aspen (I. xii. 12) = the trembling poplar. The name of the tree was originally asp, aspen being an adjective derived from it, as in 'aspen leaf.'

Astound (II. xxxi. 17) = astonished, distracted. A form of *astonied*, past part. of M. E. *astone* or *astony*, from same root as *stun*. 'Astonish' is a later form of the same word.

Augury (IV. iv. 6) = a divination, an attempt to discover future events. The Roman *augurs* were men who professed to predict the future. The name augur is perhaps derived from L. *avis* (= a bird), the flight of birds being one of the signs which the augurs used.

Avouch (IV. vi. 16) = assert, declare. Older form 'vouch' as in 'vouchsafe.' Through Fr. from L. *vocare* = to call or summon. Vouch or avouch = (1) to summon to one's aid, as a vassal summoned his lord, (2) to acknowledge, or act as surety for anyone, as the lord became surety for his vassal, (3) to testify or assert a fact.

Ban (III. vii. 29) = curse. Originally any proclamation, as in *banns* of marriage. A. S. *bannan* = to summon.

Banditti (V. xxxi. 12) = robbers. Ital. *bandito* from *bandire* = to proscribe, or outlaw. Low L. *bannire*. Cp. 'Ban.'

Barret-cap (VI. x. 25) or barret = a kind of cap worn by soldiers. Low L. *barretum*. Diminutive of L. *birrus* = an overcoat. Cp. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, III. xvi. 12:

> "Old England's sign, St George's cross,
> His *barret-cap* did grace."

Battalia (VI. xvi. 6) = an army drawn up in order of battle; used especially of the main body of an army as distinguished from the wings. L. *batalia* = a battle. Cp. 'battalion.'

Batten (IV. xxiii. 25) = to grow fat. Scand. *batna* = to grow better, from same root as 'better.' Used transitively by Milton, *Lycidas*, 29,—'*Battening* their flocks'—but properly intransitive as here.

Bay (I. iii. 5) = (1) to bark or cry out; (2) the attitude of an animal standing as if about to cry out, and so (3), as in I. vii. 3, and in the expression 'stand at bay,' the attitude of a man or animal turning to face his pursuers. M. E. *abayen*. Through Fr. perhaps from L. *ad* = to and *baubari* = to bark. In any case the word is probably imitative in origin.

Bead (I. xv. 20) = (1) a prayer. (A. S. *biddan* = to ask.) So in

expression 'bid your beads;' (2) the small balls threaded on a rosary by which prayers are counted, as in I. xv. 20; and so (3) in the modern sense.

Beaker (VI. ii. 17)=a drinking vessel, or tumbler. Through L. from Gk. *βῖκος*=a wine vessel.

Beck (V. ix. 19)=a nod, especially, as here, a nod of command. The substantive first appears in the sixteenth century, and is formed from the verb 'to beck,' itself a contraction of 'beckon.' A. S. *beácen* =a sign.

Beetled (II. xxxi. 3)=jutted out, overhung. A. S. *bitel* (=sharp biting) appears in expression *bitelbrowed* or beetle-browed, *i.e.* with eyebrows projecting like an upper jaw. First applied to cliffs by Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I. iv. 71:

"The dreadful summit of the cliff
That *beetles* o'er its base into the sea."

Blench (II. xxx. 19)=to start back, flinch. A. S. *blencan*=to make to blink. Cp. *drench* (IV. xxix. 14)='make to drink,' and so 'soak.'

Blithe (I. xvi. 1)=cheerful, happy, probably connected with A. S. *blican*=to shine.

Boding (III. vii. 20)=foretelling. A. S. *bodian*=to foretell. Generally used, as here, of the foretelling of evil. Cp. for similar introduction of sense of evil 'ominous.'

Boon (I. xii. 1)=gracious, bountiful. Fr. *bon*. Cp. Thomson, *Liberty*, "all that *boon* nature could luxuriant pour," and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IV. 242. The word survives in 'a boon companion.' Boon=a favour, is a different word.

Bootless (II. xxx. 27)=useless, profitless; **boot**=advantage, profit. A. S. *bot*, from same root as 'better.'

Bosky (III. xiv. 23)=bushy, woody. *Bosk*=a wood, from same original root as *bush*, which originally meant a thicket. Cp. *Lord of the Isles*, V. xvi. 33, "Well known *bosk* and dell."

Boune (IV. viii. 8)=prepared; the same word as *bound* (prepared to go), as in the expression 'homeward *bound*' or 'A chieftain to the Highlands *bound*.'

Bourgeon (II. xix. 7) or burgeon=bud. Fr. *bourgeon*=a young bud; from a Teutonic or Gaelic root meaning an elevation. Cp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, VII. vii. 43:

"Before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them *burgein* round."

Bourne (IV. xvi. 15) or Burn=a stream. A. S. *burna* probably

from a root *byrnan*=to burn, and applied to a rushing stream owing to its resemblance to boiling water. Cp. the frequent poetical use of the same metaphor, as in *Marmion*, Int. II. 105, 'All his eddying currents *boil*.'

Bout (IV. iii. 11)=(1) a thrust, (2) an event taking place at intervals, as, e.g., a drinking-*bout*, (3) as here, a contest. Etymologically the same word as 'butt,' from O. G. root. Cp. O. Fr. *bot*.

Brae (III. xxii. 21)=a slope or hill. A Scotch word: derivation uncertain, probably connected with A. S. *bru* from which comes 'brow.'

Brake (I. vii. 16) rough land covered with brushwood, (2) a fern that grows in wild country (bracken-fern). Connected with Dutch *braak* and German *brach*=unploughed. From same original root as 'break.'

Brand (I. xxviii. 5)=(1) a torch; (2) a sword, because it flashes like a torch. A. S. *brinnan*=to burn.

Brawl (V. xxviii. 17)=a quarrel. Welsh *brawl* or *brol* (a boast) probably=*braggle*, a frequentative of *brag*, itself a word of Gaelic origin.

Brawny (V. xxiii. 16)=muscular, strong. The old meaning of brawn was muscle, so (2) flesh, especially the flesh of the boar. Skeat connects with a root meaning to 'boil,' from which comes 'brew.'

Brindled (I. xxvii. 18)=streaked with colour (as though burnt), a variant of *brinded* (cp. 'the brinded cat,'—*Macbeth*, IV. i. 1) and *branded*, from A. S. *brinnan*=to burn.

Brook (I. xxviii. 7)=to endure, and so, as here, to be strong enough. Still used in the expression 'to *brook* an insult.'

Buckler (III. v. 12)=a shield, usually one made of wicker-work covered with skin. O. F. *bocler*, so called from the *bocle* or boss in the centre of the shield. Low. L. *bucula* from L. *buccula*, diminutive of *bucca*=a cheek.

Buffet (V. xxv. 33)=a blow, especially a blow on the cheek. O. Fr. *bufet*, connected with O. E. *bobet*, diminutive of *bob*=a blow, and with L. *bucca*=a cheek. All from an original root meaning to 'puff,' and so connected with the cheek.

Bully (VI. v. 17)=rough, noisy; connected with Dutch *bulderen*=to roar. From same root comes 'bull.'

Burden (Int. I. 17)=the refrain of a song. O. Fr. *bourdon* 'the hum of a bee.' A word of imitative origin, like 'buzz.'

Burgher (V. xxi. 28)=a citizen. 'Burgh' or 'borough' meant originally a fort; from A. S. *beorgan*=to defend; then a walled town.

Burly (V. xix. 11)=tall, stately, now used generally in a slightly

derogatory sense, overgrown, boisterous. From same root as bourgeon, with A. S. suffix *-lic* (=like). For similiar slight degeneration of meaning, cp. buxom.

Buxom (VI. iv. 24)=agreeable, jolly. A. S. *bucsum*=easily bent, from A. S. *bugan*=to bend. 'Buxom' is now generally used of a stout person.

Cabala (III. vi. 20)=(1) the name given to a Jewish doctrinal system that arose about A.D. 1200; (2) as here, any secret or magical system. A word of Hebrew origin.

Cairn (V. xiv. 21)=a pile of stones on the top of a hill. Gaelic, *carn*=a rock.

Caitiff (VI. i. 3)=a low degraded person. Fr. *chétif* from L. *captivus*, from which comes 'captive' directly. Cp. spirit and sprite, fact and feat. Caitiff seems to be used here in its older sense of 'captive.'

Casque (VI. xx. 15)=helmet; probably from Sp. *casco*=a skull or helmet.

Cavil (VI. xxx. 13)=to raise idle objections. O. Fr. *caviller* from L. *cavillari*=to banter. Original root uncertain.

Chalice (III. ii. 12)=a cup, especially a communion-cup. O. Fr. *calice*. L. *calix*. Gk. κύλιξ=a drinking cup.

Champ (I. xxxi. 14)=to eat or move the jaw noisily; used especially of horses biting their bits or curbs. Either from Fr. *champoyer*=to graze in the fields, from L. *campus*=a field; or, more probably, from a Scand. root. Skeat refers to Swedish dialect. *kämca*=to chew hard.

Champion (I. xxviii. 10)=a warrior, especially one who fights a duel on behalf of another. Low L. *campus*=a duel from L. *campus*=a field, esp. a field of battle.

Chaplet (II. ix. 30)=a wreath. O. Fr. *chapelet*=O. Fr. *chape* (L. *capa*) a cloak, with diminutive suffixes *-el* and *-et*.

Cheer (IV. xxxi. 1)=(1) a face, from O. Fr. *chere*. Low. L. *cara*=a face; (2) joyful feelings expressed by the face; (3) as here, that which makes a man joyful.

Chide (I. viii. 21)=to blame or contend with. A. S. *cidan*, perhaps connected with A. S. *cweðan*=to speak.

Churlish (II. xxxv. 21)=ill-mannered. Churl=(1) a freeman not of the rank of an earl. A. S. *ceorl*; (2) a rude, illmannerly person. Cp. for similar degeneration of meaning, 'villain.'

Claymore (II. xiv. 8)=a broadsword, especially the kind used by Highlanders. Gaelic *claidheach*=a sword and *mor*=great.

Clotted (v. xvi. 19)=coagulated into lumps. *Clot* was originally the same word as *clod* and meant 'a ball,' from A. S. *clŏte*=the burr or ball that grows on the burdock (*Arctium Lappa*).

Cognizance (v. xxxi. 3)=a sign or badge; used especially of armorial bearings. L. *cognoscere*=to know.

Coif (III. xx. 8)=a cap, or covering for the head; in Scotland especially the head-dress of married women. From the same root as *cup*. Cp. L. *cupa*=a cask or drinking vessel.

Coil (III. xxiv. 9=bustle, confusion. From Gaelic root *goil*=to boil or rage. Cp. *Tempest*, I, ii. 207:

"Who was so firm, so constant, that this *coil*
Would not infect his reason."

Collation (VI. xxiii. 8)=(1) a conference or discourse; (2) as here, a light meal, such as was eaten in monasteries while the *collations* or discourses were being read aloud. O. Fr. *collation* from L. *collatio*=a bringing together.

Conjure (IV. xvi. 23)=(1) to implore solemnly, as here; (2) to control spirits by invocation; (3) to do tricks that appear magical.

Copse (I. ii. 14) or coppice=a wood of small growth. O. Fr. *copeau* =a wood newly cut, from *cop*=a blow. Low L. *colpus*; L. *colophus*; originally a Greek word.

Correi (III. xvi. 17)="the hollow on the side of a hill where the game lies." Scott. A Gaelic word.

Corslet (VI. xx. 15)=a small cuirass worn by foot soldiers. Fr. *cors*=a body and diminutive suffixes *-el* and *-et*.

Courser (I. xxii. 18)=a racer; used of a horse, as here, a charger. O. Fr. *coursier*, L. *cursorius* from L. *currere*=to run.

Coy (III. ii. 5)=modest, bashful. O. Fr. *coi*, from L. *quietus*, from which comes 'quiet' directly.

Cushat-dove (III. ii. 21)=ring-dove. A. S. *cusceote*=cowshot. The name is still used in Scotland.

Cumber (III. xvi. 18)=trouble, difficulty. O. F. *combrer*=to hinder. Low L. *cumbrus*=a heap, a corruption of L. *cumulus*.

Daggled (IV. xxvii. 6)=bedewed, moistened. Scand. *dag*=a gentle rain or mist; from same root as 'dew.' The word survives in the expression 'daggle-tailed' or 'daggled-tail,' used of a slovenly person. Cp. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. xxix. 9, 10:

"The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was *daggled* by the dashing spray."

Damosel (VI. ix. 18)=a girl. An older form of 'damsel.' Feminine

of O. Fr. *damoisel*. Low L. *domicellus*=a page, a diminutive of L. *dominus*=a lord.

Dank (v. iii. 16)=moist, damp. A word of Scand. origin, connected with Swedish *dagg*=dew. Cp. 'daggled.'

Dingle (I. x. 7)=a little hollow or valley. Dingle and dimple are both variations of *dipple*=a little dip, or hollow.

Dirge (II. vii. 16)=a funeral song or lament. L. *dirige*, imperative of L. *dirigere*=to direct. One of the chants of the ancient office for the dead began with Ps. v. 8, '*Dirige*, Dominus meus, in conspectu tuo vitam meam.'

Ditty (II. xviii. 14)=a little song. Originally anything spoken. L. *dictatum* from L. *dictare* to say or dictate.

Down (I. xxx. 15)=a hill. A. S. *dun*, cognate with A. S. *tun*, a hedge, or enclosure, from which comes 'town.'

Down (III. xxix. 12)=soft plumage. A word of Scand. origin, from a root meaning to shake or blow, from which comes *dust*.

Dross (II. xxii. 4)=dregs, refuse. A. S. *dros*=that which falls to the bottom, dregs; from *dreosan*=to fall.

Eglantine (I. xii. 3)=sweet briar. O. Fr. *aglantine* from L. *aculeus* =a sting or prickle, diminutive of *acus*=a needle.

Elf (IV. xiv. 8)=a fairy, or little sprite. A. S. *ælf*.

Emboss'd (I. vii. 4)=covered as though with a raised pattern. Scott appears to have confused two distinct words, (1) emboss=to cover with 'bosses' or raised work. E.g. *Marmion*, I. vi. 3–4:

"His strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold *emboss'd*";

and (2) emboss, a technical hunting term meaning to drive hard. E.g. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, III. xii. 17,

"As a dismayed deare in chase *embost*,
Forgetful of his safety, hath his right way lost."

The derivation of this word is doubtful. It may be the same word as (1) and refer to the 'bosses' of foam on the mouth and flanks of a stag when exhausted; or perhaps=emboss, Fr. *embosquer* (*em*=in and O. F. *bosque*=a wood)=to enclose in a wood, e.g. Shakespeare, *All's Well*, *&c.* III. vi. 107, "We have almost *embossed* him."

Erne (VI. xv. 9)=eagle. A Scotch word; allied to A. S. *earn*=an eagle.

Espial (II. xxviii. 33)=spying, observation. O. Fr. *espier*=to spy out.

Eyry (VI. xv. 9) or eyrie=an eagle's nest. Originally spelt aery.

Skeat connects with Scand. *ari*=an eagle. The derivation often suggested from M. E. *ey*, A. S. *æg*, an egg, is almost certainly wrong.

Fain (I. iv. 8)=glad. A. S. *fægen* from original root meaning 'to fix' and so 'to satisfy.'

Falchion (I. xvi. 18)=a sword; properly a curved sword. L. *falx*=a sickle.

Fallow (I. xxxi. 18)=(1) yellow or reddish-coloured; so, from the colour of ploughed land, (2) land ploughed but not sown. A. S. *fealu* =yellow. From same original root comes L. *pallidus* from which is derived 'pale.'

Fane (IV. xi. 3)=a church or sacred building. L. *fanum*=a temple.

Fay (I. xxii. 22)=*fairy*. Fr. *fée*. Low L. *fata*=a fairy, goddess of destiny, from L. *fatum*=fate, destiny.

Fell (II. xxxv. 10)=a hill; from same root as A. S. *feld*, from which comes 'field.'

Fell (I. xxix. 12)=fierce. A. S. *fel*, possibly connected with same root as 'felon.' Cp. Danish *fœl*=hideous, grim.

Feud (V. xiii. 7)=a quarrel, cause of enmity. A. S. *fæhð* from *fáh*=hostile, from which comes foe. No connection with *feud*=a fief.

Fibre (I. xxv. 10)=a thread. L. *fibra*. Used here, in unusual sense, for the thin branches of trees.

Fleck'd (III. ii. 17)=spotted. Fleck=a spot, a word of Scand. origin, from a root meaning to strike (and so make a spot or mark). Cp. 'flick.'

Flounder (I. xxxiii. 11)=to splash about or struggle, especially in a damp or slippery place. Dutch *flodderen*, from a root allied to that from which comes 'flag'=(1) to flap about, and so (2) to become weary, as in I. vi. 5.

Foray (II. xi. 16)=a plundering expedition; originally the same word as forage, and meaning to collect fodder for cattle, from O. Fr. *forre*= straw.

Fraught (III. xxiii. 17)=laden, past part. of M. E. verb *frahten*=to lade, from which also comes *freight*=a cargo.

Frigate (I. xxiv. 8)=a ship; properly a large ship of war, but often used poetically for a boat. Cp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II. vi. 7:

> "Behold the water worke and play
> About her little *frigat*, therein making way."

Garnish (I. xxvii. 26)=to decorate. O. Fr. *garner* or *warner*=to defend or fortify. Of O. G. origin.

Glaive (IV. viii. 1)=a sword. O. Fr. *glaive* from L. *gladius*.

Glozing (II. xxviii. 2)=flattering or explanatory. The former is

probably the meaning here. The same word as 'glose' or 'gloss,' from Gk. γλῶσσα=a tongue. Cp. 'glossary.'

Goad (III. xxx. 11)=(1) a sharp-pointed stick for driving cattle; (2) as here, any feeling or thought that urges on by paining. Older form *gad* survives in 'gadfly.' Probably of Scand. origin.

Grisly (I. xxxiv. 11)=horrible. A. S. root *grus-*=to shudder, from which comes 'gruesome.'

Grizzled (III. iv. 7)=tinged with grey. Fr. *gris*=grey, suffix *-el*.

Groom (IV. xxiii. 22)=(1) a young man; (2) as here, a servant or man of low station; (3) a man who attends to horses. Probably from A. S. *guma*=a man, the *r* being inserted as in vag*r*ant (from L. *vagans*) co*r*poral (from Fr. *caporal*).

Guerdon (II. xii. 19)=reward. O. Fr. word from O. G. *wider*=against, in return for, and L. *donum*=a gift.

Gyve (VI. i. 15)=a fetter, rare in singular, but common in plural, 'gyves.' Also used as verb in *Othello*, II. i. 170, "I will *gyve* thee in thine own courtship." A word of Gaelic origin connected with a root meaning to 'take' or 'receive.'

Halbert (VI. iii. 18)=a spear with an axe on the top. Originally a long-handled axe, from H. G. *halm*=a handle and *parta*, perhaps connected with H. G. *part*=a beard.

Hectic (II. xxxii. 5)=feverish, flushed as though by fever. A Greek word, meaning 'habitual,' applied to the constant red spot on the cheeks in fever.

Henchman (II. xxxv. 15)=a servant. Probably from M. E. *hengest*=a horse and *man*, and so meaning horse-man or groom. The derivation suggested by Scott from *haunch*, because the henchman's duty was to stand by the side of his master, is almost certainly incorrect.

Hie (I. x. 13)=hasten. A. S. *higian*=to hasten. Chiefly used now as an exclamation or command.

Homage (II. xxix. 19)=the act of submission of a vassal to his lord. L. *homo*=a man. The vassal by act of homage became the 'man' of his lord.

Hose (II. xxv. 3)=stockings. A. S. *hosa*=covering for the leg. Root unknown.

Hostage (V. xxi. 29)=a surety, a person delivered as pledge for the fulfilment of a treaty. O. Fr. *hostage*, through Low L. from L. *obses*=a hostage, from *ob*=at or about and *ses* from *sedere*=to sit, and so meaning one who sits at court.

Imbrue (IV. xxviii. 13)=to moisten or drench. O. Fr. *embruer* from causal verb *bevrer* formed from O. Fr. *bevre*=to drink. L. *bibere*. Imbrue is therefore a causal of imbibe.

Inured (IV. iii. 11)=accustomed. M. E. *in ure*=in operation or in use. O. Fr. *oire* (Fr. *œuvre*)=work. From the substantive was formed the verb to 'ure' or 'inure'=to accustom.

Jaded (I. vii. 3)=tired. From substantive *jade*=an old woman, or a worthless horse; the origin of which is uncertain.

Jangling (VI. vii. 10)=quarrelling, properly used of bells sounding discordantly. Probably from L. G. root of imitative origin. Cp. L. G. *janken*=to yelp as a dog. From same root comes 'jingle.'

Jennet (V. xxi. 10)=a small Spanish horse. Sp. *ginete*=a horse, originally a horse-soldier, a word of Moorish origin.

Juggler (VI. vi. 24)=a conjurer. O. Fr. *jongleur*. L. *joculator* from *jocus*=a jest.

Ken (I. viii. 14)=view or knowledge. Verb ken=(1) to cause to know or teach, e.g. *Piers Plowman*, I. 81, "*kenne* me on Christ to beleeve," (2) to know or perceive. A word of Scand. origin. Cp. Icel. *kenna*=to know, also A. S. *cennan* to teach and *cunnan*=to know, from which comes 'can.'

Kern (IV. iv. 19)=(1) a light-armed soldier. Irish *ceatharnach*=a soldier (*th* and *ch* mute), from *cath*=war.

Knoll (I. xiii. 7)=a hillock or mound. A. S. *cnol*. Perhaps originally a diminutive of Gaelic *cnoc*=a hill, or *cnag*=a knob, from which comes 'knuckle.'

Lackey (II. xxxv. 11)=to act as servant to. Lackey=a footman or man-servant. Derivation uncertain. Perhaps, as suggested by Skeat, through Sp. from Arab. root *luka*=worthless or, as substantive, a slave.

Latticed (VI. xxiii. 30)=formed of crossed laths. Latticed windows are windows formed of strips of metal crossing each other and so dividing up the window into diamond shaped panes. Fr. *lattis* from *latte*=a lath, or thin strip of wood; a word of uncertain origin.

Lair (I. i. 3)=a den, or retreat of a wild animal. A. S. *leger* from *licgan*=to lie down.

Lea (II. ix. 23)=a meadow, from original root meaning to shine. It appears in the names of places as *-ley* or *-leigh*. Cp. *-loo*, as in Waterloo, i.e. water meadow.

Leash (V. xxv. 17)=a strap or thong by which a hawk or hound is held. O. Fr. *lesse*. L. *laxa* from L. *laxus*=loose, from which comes 'lax.'

Leech (VI. xii. 26)=a physician; once in common use but now practically obsolete. Connected with A. S. *lǽcnian*=to heal.

Lichen (II. v. 1)=an order of fungoid plants that cover rocks and trunks of trees. Through L. from Gk. λειχήν. Connected with Gk λείχεω=to lick up, from the tendency of lichens to spread rapidly.

Limpid (II. xxii. 5)=pure. Fr. *limpide*. L. *lympha*=pure water. Allied to Gk. λαμπρός, bright.

Linn (I. iii. 18)=(1) a torrent; (2) as here the ravine worn by a torrent. A Gaelic word. Cp. A. S. *hlinna*=a brook.

Lore (II. xv. 4)=learning. A. S. *lar*, from Teutonic root meaning 'to find out,' from which comes 'learn.'

Lorn (VI. i. 16)=lost. A. S. *loren*, past part. of *leosan*, from which comes 'lose.'

Lurch (VI. v. 15)=lie in wait for, or plunder. Another form of the word 'lurk.' Of Scand. origin.

Lure (V. iv. 24)=bait, enticement, a term of the chase. O. Fr. *loerre*. Derivation uncertain.

Mantled (IV. xviii. 7)=overspread. Derivation uncertain, perhaps connected with *mantle*=a cloak.

Matins (V. II. 6)=morning prayers. Fr. *matins* from adjective *matin*=morning. L. *matutinus*.

Mavis (IV. xii. 2)=thrush. Cp. Fr. *mauvis*, Sp. *malvis*. All perhaps derived from Breton, *milvid*=a thrush. Chaucer (*Complaint of Creseide*) speaks of the 'merle and mavise.'

Meed (V. viii. 5)=wages or reward. A. S. *med*.

Menial (I. xxviii. 16)=a servant; or as adjective (V. xxvi. 4)=slavish. Formed, with suffix *-al*, from M. E. *meine*=a household and so meaning 'belonging to the household.' Now generally used in a slightly contemptuous sense.

Mere (I. xxii. 11)=a lake, pool. A. S. *mere* from a root meaning originally 'that which is dead.' Cp. L. *mare*=sea, L. *mors*=death.

Merle (IV. xii. 2)=a blackbird. O. F. *merle*. L. *merula*.

Mettle (I. iv. 12)=spirit or temper. The same word as *metal*. It is customary to spell the word *metal* when used in a literal, *mettle* when used in a metaphorical sense.

Mew'd (V. vi. 15)=imprisoned, confined. A mew meant a cage. Fr. *mue*=a moulting, from L. *mutare*=to change; 'mews,' meaning stables, meant originally a place where falcons were kept.

Mien (I. xxi. 13)=look, appearance. Fr. *mine*. O. Italian *mena*=behaviour, from Low L. *minare*=to lead. L. *minari*=to threaten.

Minion (II. xxxiv. 10) = (1) a darling (Fr. *mignon* from O. H. G. *minna* = love and suffix *-on*); (2) a court favourite. Cp. *Marmion*, "All his *minions* led to die;" (3) as here, a despicable person who curries favour by flattery.

Morricers (V. xxii. 3) = Moorish dancers. *Morrice* = Moorish. Cp. *Marmion*, I. x. 1, '*morrice*-pikes.'

Mould (IV. xv. 20) = form, shape. O. Fr. *molde*. L. *modulum* = a measure, from which comes 'model' directly.

Mould (IV. xv. 28) = earth, soil. A. S. *molde*, from an original Teutonic root meaning 'to grind' or 'crumble.'

Muster (III. xii. 5) = assembly. Through Fr. from Low L. *monstra* = a review of troops, from L. *monstrare* = to show.

Niggard (VI. vii. 12) = miser. Scand. *nigg* from a root meaning scanty (cp. A. S. *hneáw* = sparing) and Fr. suffix *-ard* of O. H. G. origin. Cp. drunk-*ard*.

Orisons (I. xxxv. 21) = prayers. Through Fr. from L. *oratio* = a prayer, from *or-* stem of L. *os* = a mouth. Oration comes from *oratio* directly.

Osier (V. iii. 16) = water-willow. O. Fr. *osier*. Probably from an original root meaning to twine, but the exact form of the word is difficult to explain. Cp. Gk. *οἶσος* = an osier.

Ope (III. vi. 14) = open, of which it is merely a shortened form, used in poetry.

Pageant (V. xx. 29) = a spectacle, show. Original meaning, a moveable scaffold or stage, such as was used for open air plays. M. E. *pagent* from Low L. *pagina* = a stage. L. *pangere* = to fasten. From same root come 'page' and 'pact.'

Palfrey (V. xvii. 25) = a horse; especially a horse used for state occasions. O. Fr. *palefroi*. Low L. *paraveredus*, literally = an extra post-horse, from Gk. *παρά* = beside and Low L. *veredus* a post-horse from L. *vehere* = to carry and *rheda* = a four-horse carriage. Cp. G. *pferd*, Dutch *paard*.

Pall (IV. xii. 17) = (1) a cloak, especially a state robe, so (2) as here, fine cloth such as was used for state robes; (3) in the modern sense, a cloth used for covering a coffin. A. S. *pæll*.

Pallet (VI. i. 12) = a mattress or bed, originally a mattress of straw. Fr. *paille* = straw. L. *palea*.

Pennon (I. xxvii. 21) = (1) a feather, as in IV. xxiii. 20; (2) a small flag or streamer. Through Fr. from L. *penna* = a feather. Cp. 'pinion, pinnacle' from same root

Pibroch (I. xxxi. 15)=a tune played on the bagpipes. Gaelic *piob*=a pipe. Allied to English 'pipe.' Of imitative origin.

Pinnacle (I. xi. 10)=a small turret or spire. Fr. *pinacle*. L. *pinnaculum*, a double diminutive (suffixes *-cu* and *-lu*) from *L. pinna*=a feather; and hence meaning 'a feather-like structure.'

Placket (VI. v. 14)=(1) a petticoat; so (2) a woman. Fr. *plaquer*=to stick on.

Ply (I. xxiv. 16)=(1) to bend, so (2) as here, to bend to, or work steadily at. F. *plier*=to bend or fold, L. *plicare*. From same root comes *-ply*, *-plex*, *-ple* as in ap*ply*, per*plex*, sim*ple*.

Poised (I. xxviii. 5)=weighed. O. Fr. *pois* from L. *pensare*=to weigh out, formed from *pensus*, past part. of *pendĕre*=to weigh, allied to *pendēre*=to hang.

Portico (I. xxvi. 16)=a porch. Ital. *portico*, L. *porticus* from *porta* meaning a door, from which 'porch' is derived through Fr.

Prelude (II. xvii. 15)=introduction to a piece of music. Fr. *prelude* from L. *prae*=before and *ludere*=to play.

Prick'd (v. xxvii. 3)=spurred, rode, from the use of the spur in riding. Cp. Chaucer, *Prol. to Cant. Tales:*

"Of *pricking* and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust."

Prore (VI. xiii. 1)=the prow, forepart of a ship. Through L. from Gk. *πρώρα*, connected with *πρό-*=before. Cp. Pope, Homer *Iliad*, II. 773, "Twelve galleys with vermilion *prores*."

Proselyte (VI. xxviii. 10)=convert, one who has come over to a religion, especially to Judaism. Cp. Acts ii. 10. Used here in a metaphorical sense for one under the influence, not of a religion, but of a person. Gk. *προσήλυτος*=one who has come to a place, from Gk. *πρὸς*=to, *ἔρχομαι*=I come.

Puny (II. xxxvii. 23)=small. Fr. *puis-né*=born after.

Quail (II. xxv. 30)=(1) to faint; (2) to cower or shrink. Here=to shrink into insignificance in comparison. M. E. *quelen*. A. S. *cwelan*=to die.

Quarry (I. vii. 14)=game. Properly a heap of slaughtered animals, in which sense it is used in Shakespeare. *Coriolanus*, I. i. 204:

"I'll make a *quarry*
With thousands of these quartered slaves."

Fr. *curee* from *cuir*=the skin (L. *corium*) and suffix *-ee* (L. *-ata*). The entrails of the slaughtered animals were given to the dogs wrapped up in the skin, hence *curee* came to mean the animal slaughtered.

Reck (IV. xix. 13) = regard, care. M. E. *rekken* from A. S. *récan* = to care.

Recreant (V. xvi. 4) = a cowardly person. *Recreant*, O. Fr. pres. part. of *recroire* = to alter one's belief, used like O. Fr. *se recredere* = to own oneself beaten in a duel.

Reeking (II. xiv. 19) = smoking, steaming. A. S. *réc* = vapour.

Rife (V. xi. 25) = crowded, abounding, a word of Scandinavian origin.

Rood (I. xxii. 13) = the cross. The same word as 'rod.' A. S. *rod* = a pole. So Holyrood = Holy Cross.

Rout (I. iii. 14) = (1) a defeat (i.e. the *breaking* up of an army); (2) as here, a disorderly crowd. The same word as 'route' = a way *broken* or cut through the forest. Fr. *route*, L. *ruptus*, past part. of *rumpere* = to break.

Russet (I. xxvi. 14) = reddish brown, often applied to the colour of coarse country dress; in IV. xii. 27 used for the dress itself, though the colour of it is grey.

Sable (II. xiv. 28) = (1) a kind of weasel with black fur; (2) as here, black, in which sense it is used chiefly in heraldry.

Scathed (III. x. 4) = scorched, injured. A. S. *sceaðan* = to harm, from original root meaning to cut or wound.

Scaur (III. xiii. 11) = a cliff or rock. Scand. *sker*, a rock *cut off* from the land. Connected with A. S. *sceran* = to cut, from which come 'share,' shear,' etc.

Serried (VI. xvii. 21) = compact, closely knit. Through Fr. from L. *serere* = to bind together.

Shallop (I. xx. 12) = a light boat. Fr. *chaloupe*, Sp. *chalupa*. Derivation unknown. Cp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, III. vii. 27:

> "With the ore
> Did thrust the *shallop* from the floting strand."

Sheen (I. xi. 25) = (1) glittering; (2) show or glitter. A. S. *sceóne* = showy, fair. Connected with A. S. *sceawian* = to look at, from which comes 'show.'

Shingly (III. vii. 23) = stony, covered with pebbles. Probably of Scand. origin; a word of imitative origin from the crunching noise made in walking along a beach of pebbles.

Shivers (III. iv. 3) = splinters; originally small pieces of anything. Cp. Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, "And of your white bread not but a *shiver*." Diminutive of *shive* = a slice, from A. S. *sciftan* = to divide, from which comes 'shift.'

Shrewdly (I. iv. 11) = severely. A shrew = a person of malicious or violent temper, as in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. Cp. Chaucer, "The prophet saith, 'Flee *shrewednesse* and do goodness.'" Shrewd has now lost the idea of moral wrong and means 'cunning,' 'far-sighted.' The older meaning survives in **Beshrew** = wish evil to, as in I. xvi. 2.

Shrouds (II. xiii. 9) = hides: shroud = (1) a garment, (2) a wrapping for the dead. A. S. *scrud*, allied to 'shred' (a piece of cloth).

Skiff (I. xvii. 6) = a small boat. O. Fr. *esquif* from H. G. *skif*, *schif* = a ship, from same root as 'ship.'

Slaked (II. xiv. 16) = quenched. A. S. *sleac* = (1) fluid; (2) mixed with water and so (3) in the modern sense, loose. To slack or slake lime means to loosen it by mixing it with water, and so slaked means mixed with water or any other fluid.

Slogan (II. xx. 2) = a highland war cry. Gaelic *sluagh* = a host, and *gairm* = a cry.

Snood (I. xix. 2) = a fillet or ribbon. A. S. *snod*, from root meaning to twist.

Sooth (I. xxiv. 3) = (1) true, or (2) as substantive, truth. A. S. *sóð*, originally pres. part. of verb meaning 'to be,' and so = true. Still survives in 'forsooth,' and 'soothsayer' (i.e. a man who can foretell the truth).

Sparkle (II. iv. 12) = a little spark. Diminutive of *spark;* from a root meaning to crackle, and so to throw out little bits of burning wood.

Spleen (II. xxvi. 19) = (1) a gland in the body supposed by the Greeks to be the seat of anger, and so (2) anger, vexation. Gk. σπλήν.

Speed (VI. xxviii. 12) = success. A. S. *sped*. Cp. such expressions as 'S. George to *speed*,' i.e. "S. George help me, or give me success."

Stalwart (I. xxviii. 7) = strong, brave. Either from A. S. *stælwyrthe*, meaning either 'worth stealing,' or 'good at stealing'; or = *stall-worth*. i.e. worthy of a 'stall' or place of honour.

Stance (IV. viii. 25) = station. Connected with L. *stare* = to stand, Fr. *stance* = a station. Cp. *stanza* = a stop, and so a set of lines of poetry between two breaks.

Stanch (I. vii. 12) = (1) watertight, and so (2) strong. To stanch = to stop a leakage; as in the expression 'to *stanch* a wound.' O. Fr. *estancher*. L. *stagnare* from L. *stagnum* = a pool where the water has no outlet. Cp. 'stagnant.'

Stark (V. xiii. 18) = (1) as here, rigid, so (2) strong, as in V. xx. 40.

Stiff and stark, often used together, as here, have practically the same meaning. Cp. 1 *Henry IV.* v. iii. 42, "Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff." A. S. *stearc*, probably from root meaning 'to stretch.'

Steer (v. vii. 16) = a young ox. A. S. *steor*. The original sense of the word is 'full-grown' or 'strong.' Similarly 'steer' meaning 'to guide' meant originally to hold fast.

Strath (III. iv. 27) = a valley. Gaelic *srath*. Used generally in combination as Strath-spey = the valley of the Spey.

Streight (II. xxviii. 34) or strait = a difficulty. Now used chiefly in this sense in the plural, e.g. to be in great straits. Strait = narrow. O. Fr. *estreit*. L. *strictus* from which comes 'strict' directly.

Swath (III. xiv. 12) = a row of mown grass. A. S. *swathu* = (1) the amount cut in one sweep of the scythe; (2) a row of mown grass; (3) a path. Allied with Low G. *swad* = a swath and *swade* = a scythe. Swath is therefore originally 'a slice' or 'shred,' and is probably the same word as *swathe* = a bandage and *swathe* = to bind. Cp. swaddling clothes, i.e. swathing-clothes as in 1 *Henry IV.* III. ii. 112.

Swarthy (III. xiv. 10) = dark, tawny. A. S. *sweart* = black, probably from a root meaning 'to burn.' Cp. sweltering.

Sweltering (v. xviii. 29) = exhausted or perspiring with heat, used here in practically the same meaning as sweating. Cp. *Macbeth*, IV. i. 8. '*Swelter'd* venom' (i.e. venom exuded like perspiration). *Swelter* is frequentative of M. E. *swelten* = to swoon or die, from A. S. *sweltan* = to die. The word appears to have acquired the idea of heat from confusion with A. S. *swelan* = to burn, from same root as A. S. *sweart*. 'Sultry' is the modern form of 'sweltry.'

Symphony (Int. I. 15) = harmony, harmonious tune. L. *symphonia* from Gk. *σὺν* = with and *φωνή* = a voice.

Talisman (VI. xxviii. 30) = (1) a charm or magical character; (2) as here, anything that produces effect as though by magic. Sp. *talisman* from Arabic *tilsam* = a magical image or figure.

Tartan (II. xvi. 13) = chequered woollen cloth. Fr. *tiretaine*. Sp. *tiritaña* = a thin kind of cloth; from *tiritar* = to shake with cold.

Thrall (VI. xxiv. 4) = a slave; used here for thraldom (slavery). A Scand. word; perhaps from a root meaning 'to pierce,' from which comes 'trill' and 'drill,' in allusion to the custom of piercing the ears of slaves.

Thrill (II. x. 6) = (1) to pierce, as in IV. xxvi. 12; (2) to shudder or make to shudder with emotion. A. S. *thyrlian* from *thyrel* (a hole), a compound of *thurh* (i.e. through) and suffix *-el*.

Toils (IV. xxv. 1)=nets or snares. Fr. *toiles*=snares. L. *tela*=a web or net.

Train (IV. xviii. 1)=allurement. M. E. *traynen*=to entice. L. *trahere*=to draw.

Trill (III. x. 23)=(1) trickle, (2) as here, a murmur like that of water trickling. From a Scand. root meaning 'to turn round and round'; and so to roll or trickle. 'Drill' (to bore) is from the same root.

Troll (VI. iv. 23) or trowl=circulate, send round. Used of rolling the tongue in Milton, *Paradise Lost*, XI. 620. Generally used of passing round the bowl, as e.g. *Marmion*, Int. VI. 64–5:

"The wassel round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely *trowls*";

or, as here, of singing a song in parts, or with a chorus. Cp. *Tempest*, III. ii. 129, "Will you *troll* the catch." Closely allied to 'trawl'=to fish with a drag-net. Cp. O. Fr. *troller*=to hunt with hounds in disorder. G. *trollen*=to roll. Probably all from same original root as 'trill,' 'drill,' etc.

Trow'd (IV. x. 17)=believed. M. E. *trowen*=to believe, from A. S. *treowe*=true, from which comes true, troth, etc.

Uncouth (I. xxvii. 25)=unfamiliar, strange. A. S. *un-* and *cuth*, past part. of *cunnan*=to know.

Upsees (VI. v. 6) or upsey=in the fashion of. Dutch *op-zyn*. Generally used in expressions such as Upsey-Dutch or Upsey-English, i.e. in Dutch or English fashion. Cp. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Beggar's Bush*, "The bowl which must be *upsey*-English, strong lusty London beer." To drink upsey-Dutch came to mean to be intoxicated, as e.g. Ben Jonson, *Alchemist*, IV. 4:

"I do not like the fulness of your eye;
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis *upsee Dutch*."

The word appears to mean here—'Drink till you are drunk.'

Vair (IV. xii. 25)=the fur of a kind of squirrel. Probably from L. *varius*=variegated. Used as a heraldic term for a silver and blue kind of pattern perhaps intended to represent the fur called vair.

Vaward (VI. xvi. 15)=vanguard. 'Van' from Fr. *avant* (L. *ab*=from, and *ante*=before).

Votaress (II. xiii. 15)=one dedicated to a religious life. L. *vovere*=to vow or dedicate.

Wax (VI. vi. 21)=to grow or become. M. E. *waxen*. A. S. *weaxan*. From Teutonic root meaning 'to grow.'

Weal (II. viii. 13) = prosperity. A. S. *wel* = well.

Weed (V. xvii. 29) = clothing. The word now only survives in the expression 'widow's weeds.' A. S. *wæd*, from a root meaning to wrap round.

Weird (I. xxx. 15) = (1) fate, destiny; (2) as adj., connected with fate, and so (3) as here, strange or supernatural. A. S. *wyrd* = fate, lit. that which happens, from *wurd*, stem of *weorðan* = to become.

Weltering (VI. xx. 41) = wallowing, rolling about. Welter, a frequentative of M. E. *walten* = to roll over, from same root as 'walk.'

Wend (IV. xix. 24) = go; past tense *went* still used.

Whet (IV. xxv. 3) = sharpen. A. S. *hwettan*. Connected with *hwæt* = keen, brave. Original root meaning to excite.

While (II. ii. 8) = time. A. S. *hwil*.

Whimper (I. xxiv. 15) = a low whine. To whimper is frequentative of *whimpe* or *whim*, another form of *whine*. A. S. *hwinan*. Original root probably imitative.

Whinyard (I. viii. 8) = a short sword or knife. Cp. Butler, *Hudibras*, I. ii.—"He snatched his *whinyard* up." The same word as *whinger*, as in *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, V. vii. 9—11:

> "And *whingers*, now in friendship bare,
> The social meal to part and share,
> Had found a bloody sheath."

Perhaps connected with A. S. *winnan* = to fight and *geard* = a rod or yard.

Wight (V. xxii. 22) = a person. A. S. *wiht*. The expression 'no whit' = no person. 'Wight,' meaning strong, is a different word.

Witch-elm (Int. I. 2) or wych-elm = drooping-elm. Witch or wich from A. S. *wicen*, past part. of *wican* = to bend, from which comes 'wicker.'

Wile (VI. xxix. 29) = a trick or deceit. A. S. *wil*, root unknown. 'Guile' is from same root.

Wold (IV. xii. 7) = a down or open country. The same word as A. S. *weald*; as in the *weald* of Sussex.

Won'd (IV. xiii. 6) = dwelt. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VII. 457: "As from his lair, the wild beast, where he *wonns*." A. S. *wunian* = (1) to dwell, (2) to become accustomed to. Allied to A. S. *wuna* = custom, from a root meaning to strive after, and so, to become accustomed to, from which comes 'win.' The past part. *wont* is still used, e.g. in I. xx. 20, in the sense 'accustomed.'

Wot (VI. xi. 23) = know. Properly 1st or 3rd pers. singular, Pres.

Ind. of the verb to *wit* (Past Part. *wist*) from A. S. *witan*=to know.

Wreak (IV. xxviii. 6)=revenge. A. S. *wrecan*=to punish, originally to drive, from which come 'wrack' and 'wreck.'

Yeoman (V. xx. 34)=(1) country-man; (2) man of small estate, derivation uncertain; probably from A. S. *gá*=a district and *man*.

Yore (II. xv. 3)=in old time. A. S. *geara*=formerly, the genitive plural of *gear*=a year.

GLOSSARY OF GAELIC NAMES.

Balquidder (*Baile-cul-tir*) = the town of the back lying country.

Beal' an Duine or *Bealach an Duine* = the pass of the men or people.

Beal' Maha (*Bealach-magha*) = the pass of the plain.

Beal'-nam-bo = the pass of the cattle.

Ben-an, either the diminutive of Ben or *Beinn* and so = the little mountain; or = the lonely mountain (*Ben-aon*), in allusion to its position; or = the mountain of the river (*Beinn-n'an*).

Ben-Ledi (*Beinn le Dia*) = the mountain of God. According to Robertson, on Beltane day fires were lighted on the summit of Ben-ledi in honour of the god Bel or Baal, from whose name Robertson derives 'Beltane.' (*Beil teine* = fire of Baal.) This derivation is not now generally accepted.

Ben-Venue (*Beinn Mheadhonaidh. Mh* being sounded like *v*, *dh* being mute in both cases) = the middle mountain, in allusion to its position between Ben-Ledi and Ben Lomond.

Bracklinn = the white foaming pool; or the speckled pool.

Brigg of Turk = the bridge of the wild boar (Gaelic, *torc* = a wild boar) said to be in allusion to a wild boar slain there.

Doune = a fort (Gaelic *Dun*).

Glenartney (*Gleann-ard-an-fheigh; fh* being mute) = the high valley of the deer.

Glenfinlas (*Gleann-fionn-glas*) = the grey white valley.

Glen-Fruin = the valley of wailing, or, according to Robertson, the valley of sheltered places (*Gleann-fraoin*).

Inch-Caillaich = the island of nuns, or old women. There was formerly a nunnery on the island.

Loch Achray (*Achadh-radh; dh* being mute) = the lake of the level field.

Loch Earn (*Loch-Ear-an*) = the lake of the east-flowing river.

Loch Katrine = the lake of the *Caterans* or Highland robbers; or the lake of the battle (*Loch Cath-trian*).

Loch Lomond. Said to be named from an ancient Caledonian hero *Laomain.*

Loch Lubnaig = the lake of small bends (Gaelic *lub* = a bend).

Loch Vennachar = the lake of the fair valley.

Strath-Ire or Strathyre (*Strath-iar*) = the western valley.

Trosachs or Trossachs = the bristled or rough country. (Gaelic, *troschen* = rough.)

Uam-Var = the great den.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY W. LEWIS, M.A., AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

MAY 1 3 1998

PR
530
.A1
19

PR
5308
.A1
1926

34799

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Stevens Point, Wis.

Books may be kept two weeks and may be renewed for one week, except reserved books and magazines. These may be drawn only for overnight use.

A fine of five cents a day will be charged for reserved books not returned on time, and a fine of two cents a day for all other books. No book will be loaned to anyone owing a fine.

PR5308.A1 1926
The Lady of the lake
3 1775 001937 2